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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE prompt settlement of the dock strike is a pleasant surprise for a public which was settling down, with its customary philosophy, to an indefinite period of inconvenience, loss, and suffering. At the time when we go to press the settlement is still subject to confirmation by a delegate conference of the Union, and the terms have not been disclosed. It is improbable, however, that Mr. Bevin and Mr. Tillett will have any difficulty in carrying the men with them, and it is believed that the familiar, and, in this case, purely face-saving device of putting the wage-advance on the instalment basis is the main feature of the terms. We can recall no strike in which middle-class opinion was so solidly hostile to the employers. It seems, indeed, as though the organization on the employers' side has been as bad as the temper. The compromise which has now proved acceptable was suggested by the Minister of Labour a week ago, and at once accepted by the Union leaders, but the employers' representatives were not empowered to go beyond their original offer. Collective bargaining cannot be properly carried on unless the representatives of both sides have the confidence of their constituents and are able to act freely on their behalf. The absence of Lord Devonport from this country appears to have cleared the air considerably, and if he will prolong his stay abroad it may even be possible to deal with the casual labour problem.

The Government has come well out of the dispute. Without any undue ostentation, the Minister of Labour did a great deal to facilitate the settlement. Had the strike continued, the problem of securing food supplies for the public, without incurring the charge of "strike-breaking," might have proved exceedingly awkward. Mr. MacDonald's bearing on this matter was tactful and judicious. He declared on Monday that the Government would not fail "to take what steps are necessary to secure the transport of the necessary food supplies," and deprecated further questions on the matter as calculated to hinder a settlement of the dispute. On Wednesday, under pressure of Conservative heckling, he

defined his policy more explicitly. "There are at least two ways of handling a very difficult and delicate situation. There is one way which will mean more trouble and more bad blood. There is another way which means that an agreement will be come to that essential foodstuffs will be moved, and that is what we are in negotiation for at the moment. I hope that we shall succeed. If we do not succeed, the statement which I made last Monday will be carried out." Fortunately, the matter has not been put to the test; but Mr. MacDonald's statements at least give us the assurance that the Government will not be unmindful of their national responsibilities when strikes occur, and might conceivably fulfil them with less friction than would be possible for other Governments.

The Minister of Labour has come through his first test with flying colours, but he will not long be left in peace to enjoy the routine of Montagu House. The public also must realize that we are in for a series of industrial disputes, and that mere irritation at the never-ending sequence will not aid matters. The most dangerous quarter at the moment is Lancashire, where an apparently absurd dispute has arisen at a Royton mill, concerning extra payment to two women owing to additions and alterations in machinery. The Association of Cardroom Operatives, which is the union concerned, has stopped the mill in question, and in retaliation the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners have summoned a meeting for next week at which their executive will propose a resolution to enforce a general lock-out of the Cardroom Association unless an agreement is reached within seven days. The issue involves a principle, and is not so trifling as it appears, but it seems impossible that common sense will not secure a settlement. In other industries also a critical position may easily develop: the pottery workers are demanding an increase in wages, and the employers a reduction: the Federation of Shipbuilding Trade Unions have asked for a 10s. advance in wages, which really means the restoration to them of the 10s. war bonus still held by

the engineering trades: the building operatives are pressing for an advance of 2d. an hour in basic wages: and, of course, more important than any of these, the crucial struggle in the coalfields draws daily nearer and nearer.

* * *

Two years ago realists used to prophesy that France would never face facts and become reasonable until the franc had fallen to 100 to the £; and it so happens that the welcome improvement in the French attitude has coincided almost exactly with the reaching of this figure. The rapid decline of the exchange in the present year, involving as was inevitable a corresponding increase in the cost of living, and showing for the first time unmistakable signs of a "flight from the franc" in France itself, is a very awkward fact for M. Poincaré's administration. It is the old story of "wolf" in the inverted form which propaganda makes customary in public affairs. For years past, with the franc round about 50, French authorities have succeeded in persuading the public that the franc would in due course regain its pre-war parity; although it was inconceivable that the French Budget could ever be balanced without a further permanent depreciation. Each further fall in the franc, of course, tends to ease the financial problem; and a position has now been reached when it should be possible to balance the Budget with a perfectly practicable increase in taxation. This increase in taxation, moreover, M. Poincaré has at last set himself to secure, showing in this respect more sense of reality than his opponents. But French opinion is now thoroughly alarmed; and it is not unlikely that a rot will set in at the moment when the justification for it has passed. It would be perfectly easy, of course, to stop this rot by a moderate use of the vast gold reserves of the Bank of France. But in practice gold reserves, the sole purpose of which is for use in times of emergency, are the last thing which Continental authorities will use when an emergency actually arises.

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The debate on Sir Samuel Hoare's motion with regard to the Air Force was of extreme importance as an indication of the Government's general attitude to questions of defence. By that motion the House was invited to express a desire for limitation of armaments, but to affirm the principle of a Home Defence Air Force of sufficient strength to give adequate protection against attack by the strongest force within striking distance. In reply, Mr. Leach, the Under-Secretary for Air, stated that the Government would carry out the specific increase in the Home Defence Force proposed by their predecessors, and would establish an Air Force Reserve; but he would give no pledge as to the definite adoption of a one-Power standard. He ridiculed the idea that any degree of strength could give absolute protection against air attack, and denied that preparation for war was either the best weapon of diplomacy or the best guarantee of security. "The nations that prepared most for war got the most war." While doing everything necessary for the equipment of the increased Home Defence Force, the Government would lose no opportunity of pressing for an agreed limitation of armaments. The only adequate defence he could see was a change in the international atmosphere.

* * *

This declaration provoked an extraordinary outburst from General Seely, who asserted that its logical conclusion would be a complete disbandment of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and claimed that limitation of armaments could only be achieved when we had nothing

to fear. The most important contribution to the subsequent debate came from Mr. J. H. Thomas, who emphasized the fact that such a development of air warfare as was hinted at by Sir Samuel Hoare and General Seely must render the next conflict destructive of civilization, and that the only real security lay in the restoration of confidence in Europe and agreed restriction of armaments. The Government would survey the whole question of defence from this standpoint, as well as from that of efficiency. An attempt by Sir Samuel Hoare to move the closure failed, the Speaker adjourning the debate until the introduction of the Air Estimates.

* * *

The Government appear to us to come well out of the debate. We believe they are right in accepting the necessity for an increased Air Force, and right in refusing to set up a definite one-Power standard. Every argument against armament competition applies with peculiar force to the air. The offensive power of the air arm has outstripped its defensive possibilities. In a war of destructive reprisals, both sides must suffer enormously, and while an Air Force of substantial strength is needed as a deterrent against light-hearted aggression, no nice balancing of squadrons can give real strategical security. The new scheme will give us such a force, and that we believe to be clear gain. This reduction of the excessive disparity between our own Air Force and the French is no incitement to armament competition, and while we have no sympathy with the preposterous doctrine that limitation of armaments can be postponed to the Greek Kalends when we have "nothing to fear," it does not conduce to peace that Great Britain should be negligible in the air; it is much more likely to breed panic and suspicion. The most important feature of the debate was, however, the emphasis laid by Mr. Leach and Mr. Thomas, following Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's declaration on Friday, the 15th, on the close connection between defence problems and international policy. The issue is not between armaments and no armaments, but between those who look to armaments alone for national security and influence abroad, and those who, while accepting the necessity for armaments, refuse to accept them as the last word. On this issue the Government should receive the support of every genuine Liberal.

* * *

One of the most noteworthy events in Parliament this week was the unanimous acceptance on Wednesday of a resolution in favour of Pensions to Widowed Mothers. Mr. Edward Wood expressed the general sentiment when he declared that the case for this social reform was "logically stronger" than that for many others which have long since been taken in hand. The setting of the discussion was, however, somewhat curious. The resolution proposed that the pensions were "to be provided by the State and administered by a committee of the municipal or county council, wholly unconnected with the Poor Law." Mr. Snowden made the traditional Chancellor's declaration that he could not find money for the proposal this year, though he "hoped to overcome the difficulty, if they gave him a little time." It was left to Mr. A. L. Hobhouse to point out that the most appropriate course would be to link up Mothers' Pensions to Unemployment Insurance, in which case no extra burden need be thrown on the Exchequer, since the Unemployment Insurance Fund is likely in normal times to be fully adequate to meet this charge. This theme has been very ably developed by Sir William Beveridge in a pamphlet just issued in the New Way Series (published by the "Daily News"), bearing the incongruously flamboyant title, "Insurance for All and Everything," which we strongly recommend

to all our readers, and, in view of Wednesday's debate, to all Members of Parliament.

* * *

The great advantage of linking up Widows' Pensions to Unemployment Insurance is that it would provide a simple and satisfactory criterion of the people entitled to them, viz., widows whose husbands had been insured workers, or who had been insured workers themselves. We should thus escape from the fundamental dilemma of a non-contributory scheme, of either imposing a means limitation which works out as a serious deterrent to thrift, or offering public money to well-to-do people who do not need it. In the matter of Old Age Pensions we have hitherto impaled ourselves on one horn of this dilemma, and we are now proposing to exchange it for the other. This decision is, we believe, a wise one, but no one can view with equanimity the emergence of a similar problem over Widows' Pensions. A pension to his widow would be, in our judgment, a perfectly appropriate addition to the benefits to which a worker is entitled in respect of his weekly contributions. Nor would it be necessary for this purpose that his contributions should be increased. Sir William Beveridge points out that the unemployment insurance fund actually made a profit last year, despite the abnormal severity of unemployment. This state of affairs he rightly describes as both "extraordinary and encouraging," and he estimates that if employment conditions become normal "there should be an annual surplus of £25,000,000 to £30,000,000." Widows' Pensions would require only about £12,500,000; and we entirely agree with Sir William that it would be better to devote the surplus to such schemes than to reduce the rates of contribution which "are now being paid with so little discontent."

* * *

Two statements of some importance were made, by the Prime Minister and Lord Parmoor respectively, to a League of Nations Union deputation on Monday. Referring to persistent rumours of a pending international conference on the lines suggested by General Smuts, Mr. MacDonald made it clear that he sees no particular light in that direction, and prefers first to exhaust all the possibilities of the League of Nations. That is a wise decision. A general conference sounds attractive, but when the proposal is examined difficulties present themselves at every turn. What can be achieved through the League remains to be seen, but that method should clearly be tried first. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister, has indicated by an answer in the House that he is resolved to keep the Ambassadors' Conference properly in the background. Lord Parmoor's announcement was to the effect that the Government proposed to appoint a strong committee to study the draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance. That, again, is a wise decision, for the fact that the treaty is accepted in France as satisfying in large measure that country's requirements in the matter of security necessitates a full and unprejudiced examination of the instrument on this side of the Channel. It is, moreover, of considerable importance that Mr. Hughes, in a letter to a Congressman at Washington, has quoted the European discussions of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance as one of the chief reasons for abandoning any present idea of another Washington Conference on armament limitation.

* * *

The division on the Swarajist motion in the Indian Legislative Council on Monday, calling for an immediate conference to draft a new constitution for India, resulted in a Government defeat by 76 votes to 48, the Liberals

and Independents who might have saved the situation finally lining up with the extremists. The result is, of course, to force a grave crisis. The Swaraj Party has played its cards with considerable skill, saying to the Government in office: "You claimed to be giving India a Parliamentary system. This is the test of your sincerity. If you meant what you said you cannot thwart the will of the duly elected representatives of the people. If you do thwart it, that is proof that, as we always maintained, you never meant business at all." There is a valid answer to that argument, but it is specious enough to carry considerable weight in India. The Government will have serious decisions to take, and they will have to be taken mainly in Whitehall, not at Delhi. In all the circumstances it was wise on Lord Olivier's part to refrain from making his expected statement on Tuesday. Whatever is said now must be said after anxious deliberation, and the morrow of the Council's vote would have been altogether too early for a considered policy to be evolved. It may be assumed that Lord Olivier will offer again, and perhaps actually initiate, a Parliamentary inquiry into the working of the present constitution, and there may be sufficient reaction from Monday's decision to secure acceptance of that compromise. If on the other hand the extremists prove obdurate, there will be nothing for it but a regrettable reversion to pre-Morley-Minto methods.

* * *

Mr. Snowden has announced, in reply to a Parliamentary question, that the Government consider it inexpedient to undertake an inquiry into the question of monetary policy, and will be guided by "the conclusions of the Cunliffe Committee." The anxiety of the Labour Government to establish their respectability in this matter is not unnatural, since any gesture of intelligence would expose them more readily than other Governments to the charge of inflationist designs. But what does the announcement mean? No one supposes that the present Government would allow the Treasury Minute of 1919 to stand in the way of a trade revival, or would approve deflationary action on the part of the Bank of England which would tend to check trade activity. Not even the City Editors, who welcomed Mr. Snowden's announcement, desire these things to-day. Their Cunliffism is apparently confined to the expression of a hope (which we agree is quite likely to be realized) that an inflation of gold prices in America may some day restore the pound to its old gold parity. Meanwhile, their policy (provided it is left sufficiently vague) appears to be that of stable money. If that is really our present objective, it would be better in our judgment to avow it formally and aim at it coherently. But that is not the way we do things in England. We prefer to retain officially a frankly deflationary programme, but to reinterpret it until the deflationary element has entirely disappeared.

* * *

In reply to a question in the House, Mr. MacDonald stated that the French Government has not yet ratified the Washington resolution for mitigating the horrors of submarine warfare. It will be remembered that the Convention for restriction of naval armaments was held up for a long time by the delay in French ratification, and it may be that ratification of the submarine resolution will follow in due course. At the same time this apparent hesitation to fall in line with the other nations represented at Washington is profoundly disquieting. It reveals an attitude of mind towards the future which, so long as it exists, must make any attempt to deal with the general problem of armaments very nearly hopeless.

THE POPLAR INCIDENT.

IT is, we believe, most unlikely that anything in the nature of a Parliamentary crisis will ensue from the discussion of the Poplar question next Tuesday. The resolution, which Mr. Briant is to move on behalf of the Liberal Party, is not, as we read it, designed to force the Labour Government to throw Mr. Wheatley over, or to humiliate them in any way; and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. MacDonald will read it in this sense. But certain phrases in Mr. Asquith's speech last week undoubtedly lent themselves to this interpretation; and the readiness which was shown on all sides to interpret them in this way augurs ill for the smooth working of minority government in the present Parliament. One Liberal member, Mr. Ian Macpherson, fortunately not a very representative one, rushed in to declare jubilantly that either Mr. Wheatley or the Labour Government would have to go. The Labour rank and file seemed actually pleased to discover some shadow of justification—however faint—for their distrust of Liberal motives, and inquired eagerly who could now doubt their contention that the Liberal Party meant to manœuvre so as to turn the Government out on the first plausible pretext. The Conservatives evidently intend to extract as much mischief as they can from the situation. Indeed, they do not conceal their chagrin that the opportunity for mischief has been greatly diminished by the Liberal assumption of the initiative. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans has indicated the Conservative tactic by describing the Liberal resolution as a "vote of censure" from which, he assured his Putney audience, the Liberal Party would try "to wriggle out." All this is not an edifying sequel to the assurances given at the outset of the Parliament that each party would do its best to enable the King's Government to be carried on under the novel conditions of the three-party system.

It is not as though the real opinions of the three parties on the matters in dispute were widely different. On the contrary, the most singular feature of the controversy is that the great majority in all parties are at heart in complete agreement on every material point. Every moderate Labour member (and the bulk of Labour members are nearly as moderate as the Cabinet itself) admits that Mr. Wheatley committed an indiscretion, which called for prompt assurances from the Government that his action must not be taken to imply what it naturally did imply. Most Liberals and Conservatives would admit that the indiscretion, committed as it was by an inexperienced Minister in his first month of office, was a comparatively minor one, and, in view of the assurances which the Government gave promptly, if somewhat vaguely, need do no great harm. Anything like a formal vote of censure, carrying with it the resignation of the Government or of the particular Minister, would thus be absurdly out of place. On the other hand, the circumstances not only justified but compelled the Liberal Party to register a protest. Two things are essential to any sincere attempt to work party government in the present Parliament; and the sooner they are clearly grasped the better. The parties in opposition must abstain from manœuvres designed to upset the Government on minor administrative blunders, which are inevitable under any Government. On the other hand, they must be free to speak their minds plainly upon such blunders, without incurring the charge of faction.

In the present instance, we repeat, an emphatic Liberal protest was essential. The official Labour theory that Mr. Wheatley's action had no other significance than that of a sensible determination to face the fact that it was impossible to enforce the Poplar Order is untenable. It was in reply to a deputation from the recalcitrant Board itself that Mr. Wheatley announced his decision to rescind the Order and to

remit any surcharge that might be made under it; and he coupled this announcement with a promise to consider "carefully and sympathetically" certain surcharges in respect of other counts which have actually been made upon the Poplar Guardians, explaining that his hands were tied at the moment by uncertainty as to his legal powers. He appears, from the official Report, to have abstained from any words either deprecating the policy of the Poplar Board, or intimating that they would be held in check in any way by the Ministry of Health. In short, it is obvious that Mr. Wheatley intended his action as a friendly gesture towards "Poplarism," of which it is probable that he wholeheartedly approves. If the matter had been allowed to pass without protest, it would inevitably have been interpreted as an intimation to Boards of Guardians that they could go to any lengths they chose in the direction of lavish relief without fear of any trouble with the Ministry of Health.

Much of the criticism to which the Poplar Guardians have been subjected is, we believe, undeserved. Granted the general principles of their policy, there is no good reason to arraign the uprightness, or the diligence, or even the competence with which they have discharged their duties. The cases, disclosed in the Cooper Report, of fraudulent imposition successfully practised on them by applicants for relief could probably be paralleled in the records of any other Board of Guardians. There is no case of a frittering away of public money through sheer negligence. But the principles which they have deliberately adopted are such as it is impossible, in our judgment, for the State to sanction. It is, for example, one of their cardinal doctrines that relief should be paid to an unemployed worker in accordance with what they regard as the needs of his family, no matter if, or by how much, this relief exceeds the wages that he ordinarily receives when in work. "Poplar," declared the Board in their pamphlet "Guilty, and Proud of It," "has fought strenuously against the damnable doctrine that because a sweated worker and his family starve slowly in the employ of a greedy profit-monger, they should as a matter of course be made to starve more quickly under the care of the Guardians of the Poor." Nor is it of any use to point to the social chaos to which the practice of such a policy on a serious scale would assuredly lead. For "Poplar" would reply that this would only mean the breakdown of two things they hate, capitalism and "the wages system." Red ardour joins, in short, with a genuine feeling of humanity to render the Poplar Guardians immune to fears of the remoter consequences of their policy. Their spirit is well represented in the personality of Mr. George Lansbury, an odd and characteristically English compound of the hearty parson and the revolutionary doctrinaire.

In practice, however, the scale of relief which obtains in Poplar to-day does not violate very seriously the essential canons of sound Poor Law policy. The explanation lies in the restraint hitherto imposed by the Ministry of Health, and it is of the utmost importance that this fact should be clearly realized. Mr. George Lansbury rightly pointed out in the House last week that the practice which prevailed at the time of the Cooper Report of paying an additional 5s. per week in relief for every child in the family has been modified, and that the allowances for children now stop with the sixth child. "The Guardians," he declared, "only agreed to that after pressure from the Minister, but it was a most blackguardly thing to impose such a condition on poor people." The reason for this restriction lay presumably in the fact that it was only in the case of large families that the tendency for the Poplar scale of relief to exceed normal earnings became at all glaring. But the significant point is Mr. Lansbury's admission of the effectiveness in this matter of "pressure from the Minister." It is true that the Poplar Board have systematically defied the Order which Mr. Wheatley has rescinded; and it is also true that no good purpose would be achieved in trying to enforce any surcharges under it, especially as the Guardians are already liable

to heavy surcharges under other heads. But by one means or another the Ministry have succeeded in curbing the most dangerous tendencies of "Poplarism" in the last few years. This fact makes it of the utmost importance that no doubt should be left as to the policy of the Ministry under the new régime, and, in view of the natural implications of Mr. Wheatley's action, it is vital that the Government should define their attitude more explicitly than they have done so far.

It is, however, only by constructive measures that a satisfactory solution of the problem can be found. The Liberal resolution wisely calls for a reform of London Government. This is not, as some people seem to suppose, an idle flourish, or a vague formula which it would require years of elaborate inquiry to translate into concrete terms. It points to a perfectly practicable plan which has already been considered and approved by two official inquiries—that of the so-called Maclean Report. Briefly, the Maclean Report recommends for London that the functions of the Guardians should be transferred to the Borough Councils, subject to a general control by the London County Council, who are to be "charged with the duty of laying down policy and rules of local administration," and who are to defray "two-thirds of the expenses properly incurred." Some critics who appear to be aware of only the first of these proposals point out, truly enough, that the mere substitution of the Borough Council for the Guardians would make little difference to local policy in Poplar. But the control of the L.C.C. would make a vital difference, and there is no reason to suppose that "Poplar" would prove as recalcitrant towards its regulations as it has towards those of the Ministry of Health. The authority of the L.C.C. would be clearly asserted by statute, and would be exercised continuously and over all the London boroughs, while the discretion of the Borough Councils would be expressly limited. Such a situation would be totally different from the present, under which the whole responsibility is thrown upon the Guardians and the only checks are occasional *ad hoc* Orders from the Ministry, and what Mr. Asquith rightly termed the "unworthy weapon" of the surcharge.

Apart from the Poplar incident, the matter is one upon which action is overdue. We have been living for the past two and a half years under emergency legislation designed to equalize over London the burden of outdoor relief. The Act of 1921 was renewed by that of 1923, which in turn is due to expire in April, so that a further continuing Act will be shortly necessary. But the anomalies of the present system are so gross that it would be impossible to incorporate it in a measure intended to be permanent. London as a whole sustains (within the limits of the Mond scale) the entire burden of outdoor relief; but London as a whole has no means of controlling the local Guardians who decide whether or not an applicant is entitled to relief. We cannot go back upon the pooling of the financial burden; but some centralization of control, such as the Maclean Report provides, is an essential corollary. There is a very natural tendency for this sort of highly technical reform, which enlists no strong enthusiasm and may offend some vested interest, to get crowded out from the legislative programmes of Governments. We hope that the stir over the Poplar Order will supply a driving force sufficient to overcome the obstacle of this inertia.

WAR-DAMAGE SCANDALS IN THE DEVASTATED REGIONS.

THE rapid fall in the international value of the franc has caused many repercussions in France. It has caused the French Ministry to make a more determined attempt to balance its budget, by asking for increased taxation and more thorough tax collecting, though for years the Paris Press has been full of statements, ludicrous in the light of facts, that the French taxpayer was bearing a greater burden than any other in the world. It has emboldened the parties of the Left

to challenge the expensive foreign policy of M. Poincaré with some hope of success. Finally, it has revealed some of the greatest financial scandals which the history of modern France has to show—scandals which will undoubtedly strengthen the hands of the Left in the French elections, which have now been fixed for May.

Under the Treaty of Versailles the Allied Governments were to send in to the Reparations Commission lists of the reimbursable damages which their citizens had suffered during the war, made out in certain categories. After the receipt of these lists, on which the German Government was to be permitted comment, the Reparations Commission was to fix a total figure for German indebtedness.

Mr. J. M. Keynes, in a brilliant piece of analysis in his "Revision of the Treaty," had riddled the French figures thus listed and shown that, taken in total, they enormously exaggerated French losses in the devastated regions. It was no secret, moreover, that the German authorities had contested them from top to bottom. More light has been shed on the reason for the untrustworthy character of the French figures by recent revelations in the Chamber, though it is apparent that but for the unfortunate French budgetary position—compromised by enormous advances for war damages—little might yet have been known. M. Poincaré had given these advances as comprising 45 milliards of francs at the end of 1922 (about £750,000,000, at the then ruling rates), and had indicated that a total expenditure of 100 milliards of francs must be expected.

The French law of April 17th, 1919, which set up the machinery for the verification and establishment of claims for war damages, would have done no harm had it been administered with scrupulous honesty. It provided for commissions in each damaged canton, which examined the claims of those who had suffered loss. The dossier of the claimant had to give a full list of his damaged properties, their value in 1914, and the coefficient by which the 1914 value of each category of property should be multiplied in order to produce sufficient for reconstitution at the prices ruling after the war. While these cantonal commissions were apparently instructed by the Ministry of the Régions libérées to be liberal to sinistré (damaged) claimants, it was certainly pointed out to them that no excess should be allowed, since the French Exchequer would, in the first instance, have to meet all the claims they passed. It was sought to provide security against improvident passing of dossiers by giving the Minister of Justice the nomination of the Presidents, and the Préfets that of administrative assessors in each cantonal commission. As a further precaution there was established a Tribunal de Dommages de Guerre, with the right of revision of the claims passed by the cantonal commissions.

All parties make a sharp distinction between the small man, whether farmer or industrialist, and the large commercial enterprise. The small man, it is said, was only anxious to begin once more his habitual life. His figures were nearly always moderate, and designed to procure him without dispute and as quickly as possible his quota of compensation. The cantonal commission, moreover, composed largely of local persons, could supervise his claims as to cattle and farm buildings or machinery and stocks on fairly sure ground. This unanimous tribute to the small man is based, it must be feared, more on respect for his voting power than on any real conviction of his having maintained his perfect rectitude in the lavish optimism of the France of 1919-1920. A statement made by the Paris "Peuple" to the effect that the Parliamentary Commission recently in Lille established that more cattle had been claimed for as totally lost in the department of the North than existed there in 1913 is particularly illuminating, since it must be remembered that many cultivators left the department on the approach of the Germans, while others continued their usual life on the farm practically unmolested.

All parties, however, roundly denounced the "profiteurs" of the devastated regions, some with caution, and others with vehemence. It would appear that the cantonal commission became altogether unreliable when dealing with the larger industrial claims. It had not the technical knowledge to criticize the carefully "cooked" dossiers containing large claims for machinery and material. Sometimes political intrigue and even direct bribery deprived its members of the inclination. In 1921 M. Loucheur established by administrative circular new bodies destined to relieve the cantonal commissions of the onus of preliminary disputes with industrialists concerning their swollen claims. These *Comités de Préconciliation*, however, did not improve affairs very much. They were largely composed of soi-disant experts whose claims to authority were sometimes more political than technical. Their relations, moreover, with the *sinistres* and the Commissions often left much to be desired.

Despite all this machinery, or because of the abuses which managed to exist in its very midst, the Chamber and the Press have re-echoed with denunciations of the scandals of the devastated regions. Some instances of statements vouched for in the journals or the Chamber of Deputies may be given to show the extent of the evil.

In the department of the North alone a greater stock of wool has been claimed for as destroyed than the total quantity manufactured in and imported into France in 1913. M. Frot, a contractor, was awarded 28,000,000 francs compensation for damage to goods of which the greater part did not belong to him but to the Ministry of Public Works, while 315,000 francs were allowed him for the compilation of a dossier, which had been prepared by his clerks in the ordinary course of their duties. A company formed to acquire the claims of ruined sugar-refining factories paid 1,180,000 francs for three, and was paid 12,000,000 francs by the State. An industrialist put in a claim for 116,000,000 francs compensation, but when the figures were inquired into after public agitation, was content to accept 69,000,000 francs. A firm whose rightful claim was about 70,000,000 francs, as ascertained by its accounting clerk, endeavoured to induce him to put it at 200,000,000 francs.

M. Inghels, one of the deputies of the North, has been denouncing the scandals of the devastated regions since 1920. At first he met only with contumely and abuse, and facts submitted by him to the Ministry of Liberated Regions were treated with contempt. Gradually the weight of opinion behind him has grown, and the Ministry of Liberated Regions, moving reluctantly, has scaled down the claims for *dommages de guerre* from 100 milliards to 82 milliards. The recent French budgetary crisis induced the Finance Committee of the Chamber to go further and send a Sub-Committee on the *dommages de guerre* to make investigations at Lille. As a result of its inquiries M. Poincaré and the Chamber have accepted a re-examination of all dossiers already passed for 1,000,000 francs and more which had not gone before a *Comité de Préconciliation*. Some piquant revelations should ensue.

There is an international moral to the story as well as a national. So long as the cry was "L'Allemagne payera," very little was heard of the scandals. Only when it became obvious that the French Budget would have to bear the burden of the *dommages de guerre* did the cry for revision become irresistible.

S. M.

THE SPEECHES OF THE BANK CHAIRMEN.

WE have an admirable custom in this country by which once a year the overlords of the Big Five desist for a day from the thankless task of persuading their customers to accept loans, and, putting on cap and gown, mount the lecturer's rostrum to expound the theory of their practice;—a sort of *Saturnalia*, during which we are all ephemerally equal with words for weapons. These occasions are of great

general interest. But they are more than this. They have a representative significance;—they hold up, as it were, financial fashion-plates. What have they found to say this year about Monetary Policy?

Only one, Mr. Walter Leaf, of the Westminster Bank, has refrained himself entirely. Each of the other four has had something to say. They fall into a pair of couples: one of which, Mr. Beaumont Pease of Lloyd's Bank and Sir Harry Goschen of the National Provincial Bank, feel that there is something improper, or at any rate undesirable, in thinking or speaking about these things at all; and the other of which, Mr. Goodenough of Barclay's Bank and Mr. McKenna of the Midland Bank, so far from deprecating discussion, join in it boldly.

Mr. Pease, as I have said, deprecates thinking, or—as he prefers to call it—"the expenditure of mental agility." He desires "straightly to face the facts instead of to find a clever way round them," and holds that, in matters arising out of the Quantity Theory of Money, as between brains and character, "certainly the latter does not come second in order of merit." In short, the gold standard falls within the sphere of morals or of religion, where free-thought is out of place. He goes on to say: "As far as any ordinary joint-stock bank is concerned, I do not think it determines its policy consciously on pure monetary grounds. That is to say, its chief concern is to meet the requirements of trade as they arise, regardless of adhesion to any particular theory. Its actions are not the cause of trade movements; they follow after and do not precede them." I think that this, broadly speaking, is a correct account of the matter, and Mr. Pease's emphasis on it is the most valuable part of his speech. It is precisely this automatic element in the reactions of the joint-stock banks which makes the policy of the Bank of England about the volume of the banks' balances and the rate of discount so all-important. In conclusion, Mr. Pease does not propose to take any particular steps at present towards establishing any particular standard. Nevertheless he is "hopeful that we may gradually get back to our gold standard, which, in spite of some defects and difficulties, has, as a matter of fact, worked well in the past."

Sir Harry Goschen goes one better than Mr. Pease in a delightful passage which deserves to be quoted in full:—

"I cannot help thinking that there has been lately far too much irresponsible discussion as to the comparative advantages of inflation and deflation. Discussions of this kind can only breed suspicion in the minds of our neighbours as to whether we shall adopt either of these courses, and, if so, which. I think we had better let matters take their natural course."

Is it more appropriate to smile or to rage at these artless sentiments? Best of all, perhaps, just to leave Sir Harry to take his natural course.

Leaving, then, these impeccable Spinsters, we come, in the speeches of Mr. Goodenough and Mr. McKenna, to rational, even *risqué* conversation. In immediate policy there is a large measure of agreement between them. They agree that monetary policy is capable of determining the level of prices, that our destiny is therefore in our own hands, and that the right course to pursue requires much thought and discussion. Mr. Goodenough, however, lays greater stress on the bank rate, and Mr. McKenna on the amount of the cash resources in the hands of the banks. They are opposed to any revival at the present time of the Cunliffe Committee's policy of deflation. They both look to internal conditions, and not to the foreign exchanges, as the

criterion for expanding or contracting credit; with this difference, however, that Mr. McKenna would look chiefly to the level of employment, whilst Mr. Goodenough would be more influenced by the stability of internal prices. "To sum up my views on the currency question," the latter says, "I feel that our aim should be to maintain as nearly as possible the existing equilibrium between currency and commodities. . . ." Neither of them, however, would be much disturbed by a moderate rise of prices, provided (in the case of Mr. McKenna) that the productive resources of the country had not yet reached the limit of their capacity, and (in the case of Mr. Goodenough) that the rise was due neither to the speculative withholding of commodities nor to British prices rising relatively to American prices. About our ultimate objective, Mr. McKenna does not speak; but there is nothing in his speech to suggest that he would not be in favour of pursuing permanently the policy, which he recommends for the present, of "steering a middle course between inflation and deflation," i.e., of aiming, like Mr. Goodenough, at a general stability of prices within certain limits, and of deliberately employing monetary policy to mitigate the evils of the credit cycle: "Ups and downs in trade we are bound to have, but wise monetary policy can always prevent the cyclical movement from going to extremes. The speculative excesses of an inflationary boom and the cruel impoverishment of a prolonged slump can both be avoided. They are not necessary evils to which we must submit as things without understandable or preventable causes." Mr. Goodenough, on the other hand, whilst desisting from the pursuit of the gold standard for the time being, continues the passage from his speech quoted above—" . . . although always we should keep in mind our ultimate aim, which is a return to a gold standard." Meanwhile, he puts his hopes on an inflationary movement in America just sufficient to bring sterling back to its former parity with gold, without any disturbance to its present parity with commodities.

Mr. McKenna's speech, in particular, contains so much wise and lucid exposition of the way in which our monetary system works—it is the very best speech which he has made in a notable series—that not all of it can be analyzed here, and the interested reader must be referred to the original. But there is one other matter to be mentioned, upon which both he and Mr. Goodenough dwell emphatically, namely, the inelasticity imposed on our Note Issue by the Treasury Minute issued by recommendation of the Cunliffe Committee.

The object of this Minute was to enforce a continuous process of deflation. The policy has been abandoned, but the Minute still stands. Both speakers show some nervousness about this. Mr. Goodenough points out that it is possible to get round the Minute to a certain extent merely by transferring gold from the Bank of England Reserve to the Currency Note Reserve. Nevertheless, "we have still to consider the steps it would be desirable to take in the not unlikely event of the fiduciary limit to the currency issue being reached. I think it must be admitted that it would be undesirable, in fact impossible, to lay down in advance any hard and fast rule. . . ." If, he finally concludes, the demand for additional notes "is the reflection of a genuine expansion of trading activity, it may be regarded as a healthy sign, and no undue limitation would be justified."

Mr. McKenna is even more decisive as to some change being required, and he points out clearly the very interesting point that the volume of our currency is now *more* inelastic than before the war, because then it could always be swollen if necessary by the inflow of

gold, whereas now there is not any means at all of increasing it, whatever the circumstances.

What is the net result of these speeches? They strengthen greatly the hands of the Currency Reformers who believe that the stability of the internal price-level and the damping down of the credit cycle are desirable and attainable objects. They are also reassuring, since they show that two of the most influential figures in the City have clearly in mind all the points of immediate practical importance, and can be relied on to use their influence in the right direction. Mr. McKenna and Mr. Goodenough are both in sympathy with the above aims. Nor would it be fair to say that the Spinsters are definitely opposed to these ideas. (There would be just as much impropriety for them, just as much mental agility required, to think one thing as to think another. Their simplicity is quite impartial.) If they could be led gently by the hand beyond their copy-book maxims of "looking facts firmly in the face" and "economy and hard work," it might be found that they, too, had no objection to a deliberate attempt to keep prices steady and trade on an even keel, and that, whilst they feel at first the same distaste towards any proposal to "tamper" with "the natural course" of prices as they might feel towards an attempt to settle the sex of a child before birth, they are not really prepared to insist on their instinctive preference for having these matters settled by some method of pure chance.

J. M. K.

ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND.

IV.—"THEIR BETTERS."

AT a hairdresser's or in a club smoking-room one may turn over illustrated weeklies which specialize in pages of snapshots of people of social prominence in a society of hunts, county point-to-point and coursing meetings, and national sporting fixtures. In scanning the indulged and vacuous or merely arrogant and selfish-looking faces of these conspicuous men and women one wonders how many of them are merely barbarians and vulgarians, and how many of them, though idlers, have the merit of physical courage, a code of manners which, as far as it goes, is excellent, and a desire to keep themselves bodily fit in a world of fine meats and pampered women. But it is not a matter of much importance. These people all belong to one class, a class with undeveloped intelligence, with no notion at all of the place it actually occupies in the scheme of things.

They represent, of course, only a section of the well-off countryside. Those who come to prominence in the rural social system do not all centre their lives on horses and killing. It is common knowledge that the offspring of brewers, whose "enduring token" is strings of public-houses in the meanest streets of our cities, frequently gravitate to rectories and the mission field. There are almost always in a rural district greater or lesser country houses—the distinction is Sir Lawrence Weaver's—in which men and women of more than one generation have tried to do their share in the service of man.

But I must take my own hamlet as I find it. There is neither in it nor within easy walking distance of it (as easy walking distance is reckoned) even the strenuous parsonage, to the private income of which

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a just perceptible odour of 'arf-pints still clings. Our little community knows no kindly peeress, born with a bountiful heart and concerned to know something of the needs of the times in which she finds herself, no Lady Mary This or Honourable or even plain Miss or Mr. That, whose life as such has always been, like Gilbert's Mrs. Blake, particularly blameless, whose career has been a disinterested M.P.ing or a round of county council committees and days spent in helping a co-operative bacon factory, village clubs, women's institutes, rural drama, and county library schemes, and getting into the district the pick of such parsons as are to be had.

Our hamlet—in a well-known hunting country—recognizes as the chief among its betters three families of hunting gentry, established on the borders of the parish boundary at the Towers, the Bury, and a Tudor manor. They can be told from the large, landowning farmers of the neighbourhood because they have grooms.

As I do not know whether any of our gentry have been in the "Tätler," I must identify them sufficiently. If you have ever noticed the number of shops which sell "Downpour" boots you have come on the financial source of Squire Horwin's ease of mind and body. The horses and horsemanship of Mr. and Mrs. Horwin are first-rate. Tough old Horwin, now with God, *viâ* Nottingham, bragged that he rode on a tram till he was seventy. The Casson-Parkers, who, a reporter of the local paper asserted last week, "sit their horses like centaurs," possessed a mother as well as a father. The late Casson-Parker, senior, who had what was once described as a long and secure enjoyment of public office, married most of the accumulated profits of a firm in Bombay, which is well known in the East, but not for being squeamish. With the Swinleys we come to blue blood. Swinley's people made beer in the West of England energetically when George the Fourth was Defending the Faith. There was also a lawyer among them. They acquired so much land that their descendant was found worthy to espouse the fifth daughter of a peer whose family name you will find at the top of one of the House of Lords pages in Whitaker. You will also discover the family name, I am sorry to say, on the boards of two companies which are no better than they should be. The Swinley family is a large one. It is a non-resident Swinley who owns as much of our hamlet as he has not sold to farmers and two back-to-the-land-ers, and is, because of a gratified ambition to have a cricket eleven of sons, impecunious.

Our gentry might be worse, perhaps. There are members of every one of the three families who are kindly and well-intentioned. But what does this amount to if the kindly and well-intentioned have hardly, among them, an idea or a book or even a periodical of importance, if the interiors of their houses are hideous and their gardens are without taste? Some of the women help women's institutes a little. Part of the help is of the sort that may one day split the women's institute movement. Our hamlet has no women's institute. The gentry's ladies alight in the place at election times only. Flowers and green stuff can be had from them, however, for the decoration of the church, and two sisters give a yearly school tea—in the school or in a barn, never at "the big house."

Two years ago one of the heads of these families "kindly consented" to be district councillor, but he "never goes." Another is a county councillor and goes pretty regularly. He opens his mouth when farmer members respectfully pray his aid to keep down rates. The local paper, having no Radical rival, suppresses his

occasional profanity. All three are playing with satisfaction at a feeble feudalism. There is an unbridgeable gap between their families and everybody else.

I cannot see how, by any kind of word play, the influence of these three families can be made out to be good. Considered economically, agriculturally, or sociologically, their departure from the district would be a good thing—if, in the present haphazard way of doing things in rural England, there were any certainty that the people who took their place would be of any greater service to the community. Before very long we may find a better way of managing things.

Whether we have regard to their physical life or their mental processes, the people I have tried to describe are blameable. It is not only that they do not earn their salt. The silliness and incompetent prodigality or meanness of their domestic scheme demoralize the men and women and lads who work for them. Out of doors their relationships with their "inferiors" are nowadays more grotesque than intolerable, for in 1924 the "inferiors" laugh. None the less there has been impressed on the minds of cottagers and farmers a false image of a "gentleman" which it will take generations wholly to eradicate. Upon the farmers, who feel in a vague way that they are maintaining the national safety and ranging themselves dutifully and agreeably on the side of high respectability when they touch their hats to landed "gentlemen," these melancholy products of our social evolution have long exercised an influence which has been harmful and far-reaching.

The snobbery of the hunting field, vaunted so ignorantly for its democratic sentiment, is not all "the gentry" are answerable for. At puppy-walk luncheons and Hunt dinners—gentry at their tables, farmers at theirs—in speeches to men leading isolated lives, who have read as little as they have done, they have constantly inculcated the view that British farming—that is, the production of food at the very doors of a congeries of the largest centres of population in the world—is a depressed industry, impossible of revival without State aid. During the period in which Free Trade farmers in Holland and Denmark have been developing their agricultural systems to the highest pitch of efficiency, and have been placing their products on the British market below the noses of our farmers and their party patrons, the spouting of this enervating and ignoble doctrine by the farmers' "betters" has been persisted in.

In what sense have these people been, are these people now, the hamlet's betters? What have their opportunities of good health and comfortable housing, of education and travel, taught them by which the hamlet has benefited? If they were sundered from our rural body politic to-morrow, would it not be wholly advantageous to it?

* * *

When I look at this, after the few days' consideration that I have made it a practice to give to all these sketches before posting them, my wish is to have had the skill to write without even the appearance of acridity or uncharitableness. The appearance, I say, because the facts cannot be gainsaid. The picture is wholly true as I see it. And difficult though it is at times to judge men and women, we know very well that the picture is the same picture that has been drawn again and again, by masters, in our best fiction and throughout the volumes of "Punch."

Happily, there are hamlets which present a different aspect from my own. But what I have written is true of many hamlets, and, if this is not understood, things of great worth to England will continue their rapid decay.

But I hear someone ejaculate in protest, I can almost ejaculate myself, "The English spirit is friendly, the English countryside is a friendly countryside." We love to think so. We can delude ourselves for days, for weeks it may be, that it is so. But what is this friendliness? It is like the pleasantness of the Church, from which the Church is dying. This friendliness and this pleasantness are based on dominion. "No one so easily led," no one so friendly and pleasant, "when I have my own way." They are based on an order of society the foundations of which we know to be slipping.

This local gentry of ours is the flotsam of feudalism. Like some ladylike folk-dancing, it is a humourless make-believe. What is supposedly English about it, what is called healthy and breezy and jolly, succeeds only in being sad. It is an assumption of rank, a requirement of consideration which is without a just basis of knowledge, intelligence, and duty. It is the arrogance of the undisciplined natural man, who, in an imperfect social system, has bought his way clear of some of the discipline and obligations of social life. Whether the arrogance is the arrogance of a sham squirearchy, discovered to be short of brains and public spirit, or the arrogance of the plumber to the plumber's mate, who brings along his tools a foot or two behind him, or merely my and your constant acceptance of "Yessir" and "If you please'm" without invariably deserving it, it has got to be worked out of us.

H. C.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE storm over the Poplar Order is expected to subside with Tuesday's debate. A good deal of confusion prevailed when the matter came up as to the precise meaning and consequences of Mr. Wheatley's action, and I find that in the interval lay opinion has modified the legal view of the position and is definitely favourable to an accommodation which the terms of Mr. Asquith's motion make easily possible. The question, especially in view of the complication of the strike, which is essentially another phase of the Poplar problem, is not one on which Liberals would wish to break the Government, even if there were a desire to break them. There is certainly no such desire on the part of Mr. Asquith and the major element of the party, though there are unquestionably some sections which are spoiling for a fight. The matter is not wholly, or perhaps even chiefly, in the hands of Mr. Asquith and the Liberal leaders. It rests in no less degree with the Government and their followers. It may be unpleasant for Labour to feel that they hold office in virtue of Liberal support, but the fact is so, and since they have taken office and presumably desire to retain it they must trim their sails accordingly. Many things are happening in the constituencies which put a severe strain on the willingness of Liberal members to go into the Lobby in support of the Government, and even in the House the traditional policy is pursued of speaking and acting as though the real objects of Labour antagonism are to be found, not on the Conservative benches but on the Liberal benches. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues must make up their minds whether they want Liberal support or not. They will not get it by a policy of gracious gestures to the

Conservative benches and resentful gestures to the Liberal benches.

On the other hand, "sniping" and pin-pricking on the Liberal side will be equally fatal. The Liberals have put Labour in office, and it is their business in their own interest as well as in the interest of the country to keep them there so long as the policy they pursue is reasonably in accord with Liberal ideas. If it becomes necessary to break with Labour, let it be done on a big issue and in a worthy spirit. I think that all that is public-spirited in both camps is anxious that a break shall be avoided. But there must be give and take on both sides, good temper, and a plain recognition of the plain facts upon which the present situation rests.

There has been a strong rumour this week that the Prime Minister contemplated an early, if not immediate, surrender of the Foreign Secretaryship. I do not think there is any basis for it, beyond the widespread conviction that no man can long continue the strain imposed by holding two such exacting offices. It is true that Mr. MacDonald has been troubled with neuritis, and is obviously overworked; but his general health is good, his physique powerful, and having overworked himself all his life, his present experience is familiar rather than novel. But there is another, even more weighty reason why Mr. MacDonald will not resign the Foreign Secretaryship. That office is in the circumstances of to-day the critical situation, and there is no one in his party to whom he can conceivably yield it. There has been a suggestion that, as in the case of the Admiralty, he might look outside his party for a Foreign Secretary. But that would be a confession of impoverishment which only dire necessity would compel him to make. Moreover, his party would rebel. It has already been severely tried, and the political air is thick with the murmurs of the disappointed. The "Ginger" Committee, with Mr. Smillie and Mr. Lansbury in control, is not likely to spare the rod, and outside this hostile body there is a formidable group of discontented members, trade unionists, U.D.C. men, and so on, even members—or a member—of the House of Lords, who have lost their enthusiasm for a Labour Government from which they find themselves excluded. It would not do to add to the discontents by giving the most important position in the Government to an outsider. I expect to see Mr. MacDonald struggle on with the double burden so long as his Government lasts.

It seems that the introduction of his name into the oil scandals has not put Mr. McAdoo out of the running for the Democratic nomination. He is pressing his candidature, and the events at Chicago this week suggest that he may be successful. If so, it is clear that the issue of the election in November will be "isolation," for Mr. McAdoo has left no doubt that he will continue the Wilson tradition in some form, and has announced that if elected he would summon another Washington Conference to consider further disarmament proposals. On the other hand, both President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes have thrown cold water on the idea of calling another Conference, declaring the circumstances inopportune. This does not necessarily mean that they would not act later, but it shows the drift of Republican

sentiment. President Coolidge is not yet sure of his nomination by the Republicans, although the tradition is in his favour, and he has no intention of prejudicing his chances by running counter to the prevailing current of his party. That party won a resounding victory in 1920 on the "isolation" issue, and the handicap of the oil scandals may seem an additional argument for not sacrificing the patriotic line.

* * *

The warmth of the reception given to the deputation from the League of Nations Union at Downing Street on Monday was a welcome change from the polite civilities to which we have been accustomed from Mr. MacDonald's predecessors. It was a little unfortunate that the interchange was marked by an apparent discourtesy which must have been unintended, but which has been much commented on. Dr. Gilbert Murray introduced the deputation with an admirable speech, and was supported by Lord Cecil. In his reply the Prime Minister paid well-merited compliments to Lord Cecil, spoke of how much he and Mr. J. W. Hills had done behind the scenes, and welcomed their help, but ignored the speech and even the presence of the leader of the deputation. It was, of course, an oversight, for any other explanation is unthinkable; but the audience, sensible of the priceless services of Dr. Murray to the cause, felt the omission acutely.

* * *

It is pleasant to see that the new series of debates at the School of Economics on behalf of the Hospital Fund has opened with the promise of success as great as that achieved by last year's series. Mr. Asquith, who presided at one in which I took part last year, described the conflict as an obviously "put-up job," and as the themes chosen are generally literary and artistic, there is much more of the spirit of a genial "rag" about the discussions than of the hot temper that political and religious controversy is apt to engender. It is not easy to get angry, except in a Pickwickian sense, over such a subject as "So this is London," with which Mr. Pett Ridge and Sir Chartres Biron opened the new series on Tuesday; but the republication of last year's debates under the title of "Yea and Nay" makes excellent reading, and the financial result of the first experiment was so gratifying, over a thousand pounds being realized for the Hospital Fund, that there is every reason to look for these merry encounters becoming an established feature of the winter season in London.

* * *

An admirable statement of the Ruhr occupation, written by Mr. Joseph King, has been published by the British Bureau of Information for the Ruhr. It is the first comprehensive and documented record of the whole episode that has been published, and presents the case with a dispassionate fairness that adds weight to the terrific indictment of the Poincaré policy. I am glad to see that Professor J. H. Morgan's "Present State of Germany," issued by the University of London Press, has gone into a second edition. As Brigadier-General Morgan, the writer had a responsible part in the disarmament of Germany, and acquired a familiarity with the post-war conditions of the country that few Englishmen possess, and that no one else has stated more convincingly. It is not a friendly picture—a fact which strengthens his denunciation of the events of which the invasion of the Ruhr is the key.

A. G. G.

CHRISTIAN CONJECTURES.

THERE are several indications that the Christian conscience is being roused to the study of social justice. That is the best way to put it, for there is no suspicion of a revival of what Dr. Raven has described as "Christian Socialism." Sir William Harcourt said that we are all Socialists, but it seems nearer to the truth to-day to say that we all repudiate Socialism. Even the mild ventures of the Christian Social Union of twenty-five years ago find little enthusiasm. Yet there are Christian conjectures in plenty. They have this in common that they seek a Christian moral sanction for individual and corporate conduct. On the one hand, there are those who would seek this sanction in a revived Christian sociology with its roots in the theories of the mediæval casuists. It is more evident in France than in England, and books in plenty appear in Paris discussing the central theories of the casuists in their bearing upon the complex industrial life of to-day. The legitimacy of interest, of profit, of a separation in reward between capital and labour, forms the basis of this new casuistry, and something which we can best describe as mutuality is its aim. In England there are the conferences of the "National Movement towards a Christian Order in Industry," and that remarkable movement which is described by the cryptic word "Copec." Oddly enough, there is much kinship between these very different manifestations. Those who assemble in England are studying differential wages, theories of co-partnership, and the American attempts at a distribution of capital, so that it can be said that they, too, hark back to the mediæval anxieties when the expansion of industry seemed to shake the generally accepted conceptions of loans and interest, and, in a word, of mutuality.

It seems to be probable that this fresh examination of the content of the Christian ethic will have a greater influence upon a divided Christianity than upon secular industry. In other words, these conjectures are pointing towards the discovery of what is included in Christian duty in respect of economic relationships rather than to the application to those relations of doctrines which are clearly realized. It may mean, in the event, that Christian reunion will be suggested by the need for some positive conception of duty in a complex world, and not by discussions and accommodations between Christian organizations. At any rate there is a disinclination to argue that this or that social scheme is necessarily Christian to the exclusion of other schemes. To tell the world that historic Christianity points to Socialism or to profit-sharing or to limited dividends is clearly to lower the level of the discussions. The conjectures seek rather what should be the aim of Christian responsibility in any type of social structure. This is a much more difficult process than to enounce any clear-cut scheme, but it is a process which will make greater personal demands, and which will insist that the development of human character is an essential concomitant of the discovery of the dogmatic content. From this we can proceed to the affirmation that a united Christianity which is to undertake the task will be something more than a teaching organism; it will be a fount of life.

Viewed from this angle, we can see how different the position is in comparison with the polemics of the Victorian age. The thunders of an Ingersoll or of a Bradlaugh were not concerned with such a Christianity as this will be. Questions of Church relationship to the State take on a new colour. Worship and sacrament have a wider scope. The life of Jesus is more real; His teaching touches our conduct at more angles. The

Atonement brings into oneness of relationship all that we do for our brethren and all that we expect them to do for us. The religious life is as the religious life of earlier days, earnest in its self-endeavour, conscious of a hidden world, but exquisitely sensitive lest it should so separate the secular from the sacred as to hinder other souls in their aspirations and in their opportunities for aspiration. There is no room here for a materialistic interpretation of history, for all life, to-day as in other days, is sacramental, an outward evidence of inward grace. Mr. Tawney has protested against the separation of religion from the work of the world, against its "abdication" of authority. It is too soon to say that it has resumed its earlier function, but it is true to say that the Christian conjectures of our day are indications of such a resumption.

JOHN LEE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE TREATY OF MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

SIR,—Mr. Meyrick Booth addresses you on the Treaty of Mutual Assistance "from the point of view of the Central European group"; and he contends that that group will never accept the Treaty for the reason that it will reinforce the League of Nations as "an instrument for preserving the territorial spoils of the Allies." It is fair to comment that three Powers of the "Central European group"—Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria—are now Members of the League of Nations, and that at the last Assembly they all expressed their ready acceptance of the Treaty and their belief that it would lead to a general reduction of armaments, and to the pacification of Europe.

Perhaps it is not irrelevant to add that the Workers' Group in the Temporary Mixed Commission, including M. Jouhaux, M. Oudegeest, and other neutral representatives of international labour, who are in the closest touch with German working-class opinion, are also fervently in favour of the Treaty on the ground that it would mean the outlawry, and perhaps the final abolition, of aggressive war.

But the point which Mr. Booth raises is fundamental; it is vital to consider it, not only from the point of view of the "Central European group," but on its own intrinsic merits. He says that Germany will never accept the annexation of South Tyrol nor the territorial position of Poland "as a just basis of peace"; and he holds that Germany is right. In other words, his objection to the Treaty of Mutual Assistance is that it would be an insurance or guarantee of the territorial *status quo*. The necessary conclusion from this proposition, whether Mr. Booth intends it or not, is that he would allow wars in the future for territorial readjustments. Whether or not that is his position, it is one which many Liberals are inclined to adopt, without perhaps realizing all that it involves. Yet it involves a vital issue which everyone who desires the peaceful development of the world must face. Everyone will agree with Mr. Booth in hoping that the League will become strong enough to redistribute territory according to the wishes of the population. Article 19 of the Covenant is at least a basis on which the League may some day act. But surely, to allow wars which might well sweep away both the Covenant and the whole political system of Europe, is hardly the best means to strengthen the League. And does not all history, including that of the last decade, show that of all methods of securing justice among nations war is incomparably the worst?

Indeed, the strongest of all arguments for the Treaty is just this: that it holds the only hope of ending, by the common effort of all peoples, the bloody system of war. Who seriously doubts that the path to international justice is the path of peace?

As to the other object of the Treaty—the reduction of armaments—I suggest that no one can know what France will

accept until the rest of Europe makes her an offer that will remove the motive of fear which vitiates all her international action.—Yours, &c.,

B.

February 20th, 1924.

THE PROSPECTS OF GOLD.

SIR,—I am grateful to J. M. K. for having dealt so fully last week with the subject-matter of my former letter, and I am glad that his very interesting comments reveal at least an approach to agreement on the central point of the discussion.

He admits—with much hesitation, it is true—that, apart from inflation or the closing of the American mints, there is a third way by which America would be relieved of some of the gold which she has accumulated in recent years. He agrees that a general restoration of the gold standard might bring this about to a certain extent.

It is precisely for this reason—I submit—that she does not hesitate to accept the gold that is offered to her and to suffer the slight loss which the holding of a redundant reserve involves. In doing so she clearly demonstrates her confidence in the gold standard, her determination to adhere to it, and her firm belief in its general restoration. (That applies equally to all the countries which stick to their gold reserves.) She is not afraid of any of its rivals, not even of that fascinating notion of an inconvertible paper currency which would be so managed as to make of the realm of internal prices a tedious heaven of stability—an idea with which economists have toyed for the last hundred years. (It was Joseph Lowe, I believe, who first suggested it in 1822.) She is distrustful—as most of us are—of a monetary system which rests on nothing but faith in the integrity, the wisdom, and the efficiency of those managing it; truly a precarious foundation to those who do not shut their eyes completely to the experience furnished by the majority of European countries in the mismanagement of "managed" currencies. The monotony of internal stability is to be relieved by a riot of external instability, and that in the face of an ever-increasing economic interdependence of the world. It is to do away with the disturbing elements of trade cycles, though that claim has little more to support it than the belief of some that these cycles are entirely due to the mishandling of the credit machine under the gold standard.

Let me quote a few sentences from John Stuart Mill on inconvertible paper currencies, written in the 'forties of the last century:—

"Everybody can understand convertibility; everyone sees that what can be at any moment exchanged for five pounds is worth five pounds. . . . There would be nothing like the same confidence, by the public generally, in an inconvertible currency so regulated, as in a convertible one: and the most instructed person might reasonably doubt whether such a rule would be as likely to be inflexibly adhered to. The grounds of the rule not being so well understood by the public, opinion would probably not enforce it with as much rigidity, and, in any circumstances of difficulty, would be likely to turn against it; while to the Government itself a suspension of convertibility would appear a much stronger and more extreme measure than a relaxation of what might possibly be considered a somewhat artificial rule. . . . The temptation to over-issue, in certain financial emergencies, is so strong that nothing is admissible which can tend, in however slight a degree, to weaken the barriers that restrain it."

Leaving aside the inevitable distortions of values due to the war, the worst indictment that can reasonably be made against the gold standard is that, measured over long periods, gold turned out to be not as stable a measure of value as would have been desirable. But that flaw in the system was largely compensated for by the stability it gave to international exchange. It is not merely by accident that the most marked progress in the economic development of the world in the twenty years preceding the war coincided with the almost universal operation of the gold standard.

It has been said that many countries on the Continent which departed from the gold standard can no longer afford to hold the necessary gold reserves. Do not let us lose the sense of proportion. Just compare the burden of holding these reserves under the stable conditions of the gold standard with the appalling devastations, economically and socially,

which the mismanagement of inconvertible paper currencies has produced all over the world.

In conclusion, just a word on J. M. K.'s statement that the world apart from America would not want much more gold for the re-establishment of the gold standard than it has already. Professor Gustav Cassel, in his well-known Memorandum on the World's Monetary Problems, expresses the view that an annual world production of gold of £75,000,000 sterling (the production of 1923 may be estimated at £72,500,000 sterling) is "not sufficient for a normal increase in the world's stock of gold" to keep pace with the economic progress of the world. That view is shared by other eminent economists.

Needless to say, I should consider it distinctly premature to invest in South African cement enterprises in anticipation of the demand of that material for cementing-down the South African mines!—Yours, &c.,

HENRY STRAKOSCH.

45, Chester Square, London, S.W. 1.
February 20th, 1924.

OUR MUSICAL NATIONALISTS.

SIR,—In the comments that have so far appeared on the reported postponement of the Viennese Opera Company's visit to London one aspect of the question has been singularly overlooked—its bearing on the professions of internationalism with which we have recently been so profuse in connection with Austria.

The attitude of the British musicians who have taken action in this matter reveals a narrow nationalism which calls for some public protest if it is not to cover us all with ridicule. For the last two years and more we have been pouring out philanthropy and fine sentiments upon Vienna. We have done much to place that proud and beautiful city in our debt. An opportunity offers itself which would enable Vienna to recover the self-respect which is the birthright of every recipient of charity by giving us of her wealth in the realm wherein she excels. And we, with a churlishness that reveals a complete insensibility to the finer issues involved, close the door on her proffered gift as if it was no more than a shipload of dumped ex-enemy imports. Truly our musicians are not helping forward that healing of the world's wounds in which artists, if they are only true to themselves, have so great a part to play.

The musical critic in a leading weekly journal remarks, in terms borrowed from the adjoining commercial column, that "art cannot flourish unless its business basis is secure." We will not stop to inquire what Bach or Beethoven or César Franck would have thought of such a pronouncement. But its converse is certainly indisputable—namely, that internationalism on its material side cannot flourish unless its aesthetic and intellectual basis is secure. What hope is there for a League of Nations in which diplomats, business men, and economists are seeking to reconcile the conflicting material interests of their peoples, if the artists, whose chosen mission it is to be the interpreters of men and nations to one another, thus play false to their trust?

If our British musicians must make display of their *intransigence* they would employ it far more wisely against their real enemies and competitors, the gramophones and piano-players which are prostituting the art of music and jeopardizing and degrading the livelihood of true musicians in all countries. Against these their Viennese comrades are their natural allies; their coming would not only serve to maintain our standard of musical appreciation and to extend its range, but it would help to convince the Philistines who conduct so much of our business both at home and abroad that the League of Nations has not only supplied Vienna with the means of physical livelihood, but has also helped to keep alive the souls of its artists.—Yours, &c.,

L.

PROTECTION AND THE DOCK STRIKE.

SIR,—Why should the Conservatives worry over the Dock Strike? Now they have Protection in *excelsis*. No

imports: just what they want. No exports, and Mr. Baldwin's original theory is satisfied.

If only the busybodies would cease from trying to settle the strike, unemployment would vanish and our industries would thrive. After six months or so of paralysis at the ports the country should be able to appreciate the blessings of Protection.—Yours, &c.,

B. A. LEVINSON.

199, Piccadilly, W. 1.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE.

By LADY STRACHEY.

II.*

WE reached Calcutta early in '58, and went to live in number 6, Park Street. . . . My father was still up country, and did not return until some weeks after. My brother Trevor slept in a basement, a very unusual thing, as these basements were only used practically for lumber. It was discovered one morning as having been entered from the outside; so, a few days later, when my brother was startled from his sleep by a noise, he sprang up at the sight of a tall man standing over his bed, and exclaimed:

"Who the devil are you?"

"Your father," was the calm reply.

As was usual in those days with Indian families, father and son had not met since the latter was a child. . . . Early this year there appeared one of the greatest comets which can ever have been seen. It flamed up on the horizon and spread, flaring, in an arch over at least three-quarters of the sky. We were all on the roof of the house looking at it, when our old ayah, Peerun, crept up to me and said in an awed whisper:

"Is it come to say that the Company's Raj is over?"

Well, whether the comet said it or no, that year saw the end of the rule of a Government that had to its credit the finest and greatest record in history.

My first return to India after my marriage to Major Richard Strachey in 1859 was in 1862, when Lord Elgin was Viceroy. . . . Our social life at Simla for the next two years was full of pleasure and amusement. I made many charming acquaintances, some of whom became lifelong friends. One day, as Nina Plowden and I were sitting in the ground-floor drawing-room, there was a tremendous clatter in the verandah outside, and a huge leopard dashed through it, past the windows. I seized a croquet mallet and rushed after it, to Nina's consternation, but, of course, I did not catch the creature up. It was a foolish action, but I did not pause to reflect on what I was doing. During the season we had many delightful dances, parties, and excursions into the districts beyond; and we played a great deal of croquet. I also started Amateur Theatricals, which were a great success. At a performance I was giving at my own house, an important part was given to a lady who had just arrived at Simla, with the reputation of being a really good actress. This was found, during the rehearsals, to be quite true. She was the wife of an officer who had been unable to obtain leave to accompany her to the Hills. One evening, two or three days before my play was to come off, a dance was given at Government House, at which Mrs. X. was present, and observed me dancing with the Commander-in-Chief. The next morning I received a letter from her

* Part I. appeared in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for January 5th.

saying that she deeply regretted being obliged to give up her part in the play. She was so miserable and unstrung by her husband's absence, that unless he succeeded in obtaining leave, she felt it was impossible for her to act. Of course, I saw at once what this meant, and was determined not to give in to this covert threat; so I wrote a civil letter, expressing my sympathy, and my regret at the loss she would be to our play. Then I sent out high and low to find out whether there was any possibility of supplying it, and most fortunately I heard that at that very moment a lady with some experience in acting was coming up from the plains, and was half-way up to the Hills. I at once sent off an urgent request for her assistance, enclosing a copy of the part that no time might be lost in studying it. Well, the play went off right enough, but that is not the end of the story. A day or two afterwards, as the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff were riding along the road, they heard sounds coming from a house immediately below it, of a woman crying, wailing, and in violent hysterics. He stopped to find out what was the matter, and on hearing the circumstances detailed by Mrs. X., became very compassionate, and reassured her by declaring that her husband should at once obtain leave. Shortly after the return of the husband, there was a party given at Government House, where Charades were acted, in which Mrs. X. took part. In one of these she imitated a violent fit of hysterics. There was a momentary gasp in the audience, and then a universal burst of laughter, in which, after a moment, Mrs. X. joined. I don't know if the Commander-in-Chief laughed too! I have always thought that Rudyard Kipling could have made an uncommonly good story out of this. . . .

This year (1878) was one of great interest to me. Lord Lytton was Viceroy, and the intimacy with him and his family which then began has been a lasting joy to me. Lady Lytton's fine face and figure, the distinction and charm of her manner, her tact and discretion, fitted her most fully for the part she filled, and her kindness, goodness, and intelligence made her as delightful in private life as she was distinguished in public. As for Lord Lytton, I would give anything to be able to bring his personality vividly before the eyes of those who did not know him; but this would require greater literary skill than I possess. Our common love of literature first brought us into close contact, and we became ultimately on confidential and affectionate terms. He was extremely unconventional, and not having been brought up at a public school, or in ordinary English society, was quite unable to understand the importance attached to conventionalities by the ordinary English public. No one who was brought into close official contact with him could fail to be impressed with his great capacity as a ruler and administrator; but all this went for nothing with those who heard how he had outstayed the usual time of permitting a party to break up, or allowed a small dog to walk across the dinner-table. I remember how shocked a certain official was, who came to him one morning at Simla, very early, on business. Lord Lytton was in a light blue silk dressing gown. The interview closed, and the official had just departed, when Lord Lytton remembered he had omitted something he wished to say, ran out through the French window, and caught him a few yards down the road. I shall never forget the horror with which this was recounted to me. "A blue silk dressing gown! The Viceroy—on the road—in a blue silk dressing gown!"

I was driving one day with Lord Lytton in his small pony-chaise—the only wheeled vehicle allowed on the Simla roads—attended by his Aide-de-camp, Lord William Beresford, on horseback. The ponies suddenly became restive, the driver was unable to control them, and they backed the chaise to within an inch of the

Khud. Lord William flung himself hastily off his horse, and managed to reach the ponies barely in time to save us. It was really a miraculous escape. Lord Lytton was on the side of the Khud, and I had my foot on the step to leap out, and give him a chance of saving himself, when the ponies were pulled forward, and the danger was over. It all happened within a few seconds; Lord Lytton stopped in the middle of a sentence, took it up when we started afresh, and we continued the conversation we had begun without a word on either side of what had occurred. Lord William was certainly the most agitated of the party! Among my principal intimates at Simla this year were Major Roberts and his wife. It amused me afterwards to remember how the great Lord Roberts had once come to mend my sewing-machine for me. He was Quartermaster-General when the troubles in Afghanistan began, and his being sent out in command of the Forces was one proof of Lord Lytton's discernment of the qualities of those under him. We met Roberts on the road the day before he started. His expression was exceedingly grave, and when we congratulated him, he said: "It is a very serious matter for me." (I thought of all this when watching his triumphant procession in London through the cheering crowd on his return from the Boer War. He came to see me that evening, to the great awe and pride of the servants.)

Lord Lytton, most of the members of the Council, and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir Alfred Lyall, were dining with us one evening, and I sat at dinner between Lord Lytton and Sir Alfred. A telegram was brought in, and handed to the Viceroy, saying that the British troops had been refused a passage into Afghanistan. He read it, and handed it to me, saying: "Read this, and pass it on to Sir Alfred." This I did, to the evident displeasure of the latter at such a breach of official etiquette. A Council was immediately held, and a telegram declaring war dispatched from my back drawing-room. Some years after, on meeting Sir Alfred, I asked him if he remembered the little incident of my being allowed to forestall him. "Remember it! I should think I do!" he replied.

THE STATE AND THE ARTIST.

I.

THE recently appointed Commission of Fine Arts, which is the new name for the Committee of Taste for the nation, will doubtless adopt as a motto *de gustibus non disputandum*. They will be well advised to do so. Any discussion of their fitness for the task would be so likely to have unpleasant results for them. It is much better, they will doubtless consider, that they should simply lay down the law as to what the nation is to admire and approve. Some of the members of this august body have given us already proofs of what we must expect. We may yet live to see a monument similar to the Nurse Cavell in every square in London, and every public building tricked out with the borrowed, and rather ill-borrowed, finery of the Victoria and Albert Museum, even if we should be spared the full splendours of Birmingham University, where reminiscences of half a dozen celebrated buildings of antiquity jostle one another in a bewildering confusion of periods and styles. It would be absurd to labour the point; to everyone whose opinion has been formed by any serious attention to matters of art the Committee of Taste would be merely a bad joke were it not such a serious menace.

It is a serious menace only because we, as a nation, do not really think that art matters. There are doubtless many excuses for this point of view. The mere existence of the Nurse Cavell monument is just the kind of excuse which people make for sparing themselves the trouble of making an effort to avoid its repetition. But for whatever reason, it is impossible to doubt that the

nation is indifferent. We shall be told that it is only the highbrows that are indignant. Well, so be it. The dramatic critic of the "Times," who dispenses such admirable sense while dexterously pretending that he is only talking the same kind of nonsense as a reputable journalist, has shown us recently the true meaning of "highbrow" by treating it as the opposite of "commercial." One may be thankful that it is not an English word. Only a people for whom the love of money is the root of all romance could have coined it as a term of abuse wherewith to overwhelm all who refuse to bow down and worship the golden image. The highbrows then are in revolt, and precisely because they recognize in the Committee of Taste the supreme symbol of the tyranny of the commercial artists and their great Trade Union, the Royal Academy.

So unqualified a demonstration of their power to impose themselves as representing the artistic effort of the nation may, after all, do good. It may bring to a head the whole question of the relation of the State to Art. The State has gradually drifted into its present position in relation to art without at any one moment having occasion to pause and consider what it was about. It originally considered art as a private matter lying outside its sphere of action. Gradually it found itself saddled with some of the Royal collections of pictures, until little by little, and without being brought to the point of formulating a policy, it finds itself spending annually very large sums of money on the upkeep of Museums, on the teaching of art, and the employment of artists in public works.

However troublesome it is for the ordinary man, and perhaps even more so for the average politician, to have dealings with those odd and incalculable beings who call themselves artists, it has become by now a matter of sheer common sense and good economy to consider first whether we need spend all this money on art, and, if so, whether we are spending it wisely and getting full value for it.

What is wanted is some clear understanding of what the policy of the State with regard to art should be. It is a most difficult and intricate question, and has never been properly threshed out. I am far from being able to give an answer as to what that policy should be, nor do I believe anyone is capable of doing so until all the relevant facts are elicited by inquiry into the workings of the existing administrative customs. I say customs since no definite and coherent policy exists. What I may be able to do in this and one or two succeeding articles is to indicate the kind of questions which it would appear desirable to have considered.

There are, I should say, three main branches of public expenditure upon art, and it is possible that each of these would require a separate inquiry. They are (1) the teaching of art in primary and secondary schools and in the Universities, and the more specialized teaching of the Royal College of Art. (2) The employment of artists by the State in the construction and ornamentation of public buildings and public monuments of all kinds. (3) The acquisition, care, and preservation of the artistic treasures of the country. This would include the preservation of ancient monuments throughout the country and the Museums and Picture Galleries belonging to the State.

The teaching of art is by itself a vast and complicated subject, and one of extreme difficulty. I do not know what sums are spent on it by the State and local public bodies acting under State supervision, but in the aggregate they must be very large, and yet there are not a few people who have grave doubts whether any result is produced comparable to this expenditure. It is certain that the positive results are neither brilliant nor encouraging. It is even uncertain whether artistic progress might not be more rapid were the whole of this teaching abandoned. It is fairly certain, for instance, that in the arts of applied design we find ourselves in a backward position as compared, say, with France, and perhaps with other countries, and yet there is reason to think that the people of England have greater aptitudes for art than have ever been realized.

The fact is that the whole question of whether art can be directly taught or not has yet to be answered.

Since it is a question of the full development of a sensibility which is peculiar to each individual, and depends for its whole value upon that unique individual quality, it is at least reasonable to suppose that the idea of teaching as doctrine the results of other sensibilities is mistaken. It does seem rather futile to teach a child how to draw, when one considers that what it has to discover is how it alone of all created beings can draw. The thing to be taught is a thing that does not exist, but has to be discovered. There can be no doubt in any case that the average child has extraordinary inventiveness in design and the average adult none whatever, and that in between these two states there occurs the process known as art teaching. Is this a causal relation or not? That question anyhow must be answered before we undertake so vast an expenditure of public money.

We must remember, too, that drawing in the sense of the more or less accurate representation of objects may have other uses than esthetic ones. It may be that drawing as a training in accurate observation has educational value quite apart from art, and that such drawing should be taught, excluding, perhaps, from such teaching any child who showed special artistic aptitude.

Leaving the question of art teaching in primary and secondary schools, we come to the question of more specialized art teaching for those whose aptitudes mark them out for some kind of artistic career. This is really another branch of State expenditure on art, and is one that needs very careful consideration if we are ever to make full use of native talent. The idea that it might be a work for the State to foster the talent for design originated, I believe, as far as England is concerned, with the Prince Consort—at all events, it was a leading motive in the establishment of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and it is still conceived of as one of its functions. But the results, after all these years, are by no means reassuring. The notion has been too much that by merely recommending good models of ancient craftsmanship and encouraging pupils to study and imitate these, good modern work would result. At various times the work of different styles and epochs has each had its vogue among our cultured classes, and each in turn has been recommended as the model for this process of pastiche, with the result that no notion of anything but "styles" has penetrated to the student's mind. He has at the end great facility in designing in any given "style," but he has no notion of the underlying principles of all good work, no basis on which to create when once he cannot clutch at the authority which he follows.

Such notions are fatal to the development of good design. In the next article, I shall try to suggest lines along which this important result might possibly be attained. What I wish to emphasize is, that here at least is a question of immense economic importance to any modern State which depends on its manufactures, and which has to meet competition in design as well as other things in the world market.

ROGER FRY.

MUSIC

THE CHANGE.

YESTERDAY, at a tea party in an English house in the South of France where the memory of Queen Victoria is canonized and the name of Strachey must never be even mentioned, I met an elderly gentleman whom I remembered to have been one of Her Majesty's favourite musical performers. It was some twenty years since he had been in England, and as English musicians did not often come his way, he was full of inquiries after old friends and after the general condition of music in England. I told him that if he went back he would find many of his old friends still alive and vigorous. He would find too, I think, very similar opportunities of reviving his old repertory, although, fine player as he was, the recollection of that repertory

was tinged with amusement. Not that he had lost touch altogether with the musical world; he had plenty to say about Milhaud and Erik Satie, although he himself belonged more to the world of Reyer and Massenet. But somehow, I think, he would find musical England changed. He asked if the Carl Rosa Company still existed. "And there is no Italian Opera any more?" Remembering last week's "Rigoletto," it was rather difficult to answer the question concisely, as the occasion demanded.

We had not much time for talk, so I have been considering what I ought to tell him the next time we meet. What are the most important things that have happened in our musical life since I heard him shake his trembling strings in Gounod's "Méditation" thirty years ago? The multiplication of pianolas, gramophones, and wireless sets? These are but means to an end. The most important change, though perhaps the least obviously perceptible, is that English people in the mass, so far as one can judge, have determined to be musical and to have a music of their own. This change has very little to do with those who are most talked about for the moment in print. We make a great fuss over performances of modern English music in Paris and Berlin, but the works which are performed there are not often known to a wider circle in England than is represented by the regular advanced concert-goers. It may be true, as some musical patriots assert, that the finest music of the present day is written in England—though I fancy it would be extremely difficult to induce these patriots to agree as to the specific works in question—but it will be many years, perhaps generations, if ever, before those or any of our works become the world's established classics.

During the last thirty years attempts have constantly been made to obtain recognition for English music abroad. Generally speaking, they have all been complete failures. Of course, that would never be admitted by the composers of those particular works. I have talked too often with foreign musicians to have any illusions about it. "And tell me, how is my old friend X? The most delightful of men—what a pity he writes such dreadful music! Z played his symphony here years ago and tried to make people believe that it was a great work—of course, Z never forgets how kind people were to him when he lived in England—but it was impossible! You like that work? You really think it great? I can hardly believe you. Well, perhaps it has qualities which only an Englishman can appreciate." I suppose it has, for I have an honest admiration for it; and that is more than I can say for certain English works which have earned high praise from foreign critics, even though such foreign praise may have done an enormous amount for their reputation at home.

Differences of national temperament and education cannot be shirked. We may divide music roughly into three classes: the music which is too definitely national to be understood outside its own country; the music which is great enough to belong, as Beethoven does, to the whole world, and the music which will pass muster anywhere because it conforms to universal conventions, especially to modern ones. All countries produce music of the first and last of these categories. It has been said that the extreme nationalists in all countries appreciate each other. To doubt the statement would be discourteous; one who is definitely not a nationalist can hardly claim the right to express a judgment. I should like to hope that English composers might some day produce works that are universal. For the moment the obvious question is whether they are to attain to this category by way of the definitely national or by way of the conventionally international style. It is this question that divides us into nationalists and internationalists in public controversy. But to answer this question seriously is by no means so simple a matter. It has to be considered from two points of view: from that of the composers and from that of the listeners. If we look at historical examples, it is quite clear that Mozart, whose universality is beyond question, was brought up by his father to write conventional international music. Undoubtedly his music is, in its innermost soul, German, but it is German not by deliberate intention but by

inborn temperament. The really great composer may adopt what idiom he pleases; he will express himself, and that is all that matters. If he is national, he is so subconsciously. The negligible composer is equally negligible whether he be national in style or international.

It is more interesting to consider the question from the listeners' point of view, especially in our own country. The so-called renaissance of English music was set in movement by the deliberate will to make England once more a musical country. With that will to music we associate above all others the name of Hubert Parry. His music is practically unknown abroad; it has almost passed into oblivion at home. But he had the will to music, and both by his own personality and his own music inspired others with the same ideals. That did not necessarily mean that the country accepted Parry's music as the expression of national feeling. It may possibly come to do so in a later age, when Parry shall have been placed among the classics. The really important thing was not that Parry should have written great music, or that the greatness of that music should be appreciable only by his own countrymen, but that English people should be brought to feel that a certain kind of music could be associated in their hearts with their affection for their own country. This affection is not the sentiment vulgarly called patriotism; it abhors the expression of pride and exaltation. It is expressed for the majority of English people by English landscape, by English poetry, for many, too, by English sport or English cookery; it is only recently that it has come to be expressed by music.

That is the most vital change which my elderly foreign friend ought to notice if he returns to England. It has been brought about by three forces: the personality of Parry and those who came under his immediate inspiration; the rediscovery of English folk-song and the awakening of interest in it all over the country, and, lastly, though by no means least in influence, the revival of interest in our own ancient classics, in Purcell and the Elizabethans, for which we have to thank such men as Mr. Barclay Squire, Mr. Arkwright, and Dr. Fellowes. These forces have provided a foundation for the natural unsophisticated criticism of the ordinary music-lover, and if a modern composer is accepted as "English" in style, he can hardly have escaped their influence in his own creative work. But though these forces may make England a musical nation, it may be long before we are able to produce a universal composer.

EDWARD J. DENT.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA.

BEFORE I went to "Sodom and Gomorrah," the Austrian film now being shown at the Philharmonic Hall, I was told by someone connected with the film industry that Austrian productions had a high reputation. The immense queue of people trying to get seats from the booking-office seemed to confirm this. Whether the reputation will be maintained if Vienna sends us any more films like "Sodom and Gomorrah" is doubtful. The sentiment and captions are so ingenuous that quite unsophisticated persons in the audience roared with laughter when the producers obviously induced them to be dissolved in tears. The modern life part of the film is incredibly absurd and the acting poor. The "ancient life" part, including the extraordinary jumble of Astarte in Sodom and Gomorrah, which is introduced as the vision of a young lady and a priest, is better. The use of large crowds is rather impressive, and some of the effects, if one were given time to see them, might be beautiful. Lot's wife turning into a pillar of salt was greeted with applause and loud laughter by the audience.

"The Mask and the Face," freely adapted from the Italian of Luigi Chiarelli by Mr. C. B. Fernald, which is at present running at the Everyman Theatre, and will probably shortly be seen in the West End, is an extremely entertaining farce. An additional source of amusement can be gained by endeavouring to guess where and to what extent Mr. Fernald has deviated from the original. The play is a Latin version of "The Playboy of the Western World," but is hardly recognizable in its new dress. A man says that, if his wife were unfaithful to him, it would be his duty to society to kill her instantly. Circumstances immediately arise which force him to try and put his threat into operation. Of course he is not the man for the job. But for a short time he gets the credit for a murder he has not committed. The dialogue is extremely bright, and the author has shown considerable mental agility in preventing the structure of his rather slender plot from collapsing. The performance is also noteworthy from the strong cast figuring in it, Mr. Franklyn Dyall (who was splendid as the vain hero), Mr. Brember Wills, and Miss Athene Seyler all appearing at once. Mr. Norman MacDermott once more gave proof of his skill as a producer. The play was well received by a large house and should be certain of a good run.

The much-discussed revival of Wycherley's "The Country Wife" by the Phoenix Society took place last Sunday, and was a triumphant success. Evidently Wycherley gains more by acting than any of his distinguished contemporaries, and all the Phoenix troupe were at the top of their form. The production was commendably free from fussiness and quaintness, and was taken at refreshing speed. It is to be hoped that the management of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, was present to pick up a few tips as to how to produce Restoration Drama. On this occasion there was no tendency to produce "The Country Wife" as a costume play, though the dresses were both striking and effective. The absence of giggling and bowing was a great relief. All the main parts were acted with spirit and intelligence; and it was clear that the actors understood what the play was about. Mr. Baliol Holloway as Mr. Horner added another success to his repertory, and in the title rôle Miss Isabel Jeans gave what must have been the best performance of her career. Miss Athene Seyler in the less prominent part of Lady Fidget, again showed what a very subtle and distinguished artist she is, and Mr. Theisger found in Sparkish a part that suited him perfectly. The Phoenix Society are now getting really expert in Restoration Comedy, and it is only to be hoped that their productions of Elizabethan poetic drama will one day reach the same high level. The play was greeted with great enthusiasm, and Miss Isabel Jeans received an ovation.

The enterprising authorities of the Whitechapel Art Gallery are holding a large exhibition of "Modern British Art," consisting of paintings in oil and water colours, drawings, and a few pieces of sculpture. On the whole it can claim to be fairly representative of the general present-day tendencies of art in this country, though even the best of the paintings are not the finest examples of the various artists' work. Many are familiar from the exhibitions of the New English Art Club and the London Group. It is interesting to see here the eight lunettes produced for the new County Hall by the four Art Schools of London, which have lately been rejected by the London County Council. Certainly they are not great works of art—in fact, in most ways they are crudely immature, and they lack any co-ordinated scheme, but

at least the majority of them are gay and spirited, and represent an honest attempt at something worth doing by students deserving the encouragement which the Council might so easily have given them. In the Upper Gallery there is a large loan exhibition of Book Illustrations of the 'Sixties, in which most of the well-known artists of that period are represented.

My selection of things to see or hear during the coming week:

Saturday, Feb. 23. Latest publications in Etching and Drypoint, at the Greatorex Galleries.

Sunday, Feb. 24. Repertory Players in "The Dark Little People," at the Aldwych Theatre.

Monday, Feb. 25. "A Woman from Paris" (American film), at the Tivoli.

"Kate," at the Kingsway Theatre.

Tuesday, Feb. 26. "The Birds" of Aristophanes, at the New Theatre, Cambridge.

Song Recital by Robert Maitland, at 3.15, at the Wigmore Hall.

The Portmadoc Players (Welsh Repertory Company), at 2.30, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Wednesday, Feb. 27. Meeting of the Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi. Charles S. Myers, C.B.E., Sc.D., F.R.S., on "The Use of Psychological Tests in the Selection of a Vocation."

OMICRON.

POETRY

THE CHOICE.

SHARPLY our lips are stung by the frozen tears
Dropped from the ravaged beeches naked of gold;
Till a frosty sun leaps out as the late mist clears
From the desolate wold.

Better, we say, to greet what storms may come,
And catch the gleam in the heart of a troubled day,
Before all ecstasies have sunk to dumb
And dreamless clay.

For fadeless are some flowers the snows devour,
And deathless is the light no suns renew,
And sweet the singing swiftness of an hour
When hours are few.

And though our hearts are torn with wordless cries,
And tattered like last leaves the cold wind blows
Hither and thither, and though speech denies
What the eyes disclose;

And though the years may fly and tears may fall
For golden splendour blackened in the mould,
And buried youth whose fires so strangely call
From eyes grown old;

Yet under naked trees that mourn their pride
Uncloaked against the arrows of the sky,
We hail the gleam that will not be defied,
And cannot die.

We choose one hour full-lived from time's defeat,
Rather than lie, like earth's oblivious snow,
Unwounded and inviolate by the sweet
And sour we know.

We shall find beauty at the death of day,
And blind with tears we shall have clearer eyes,
And as our ardent limbs like leaves decay
We shall be wise.

MARY STELLA EDWARDS.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BUTLER'S "FAIR HAVEN."

TWO more volumes of the Shrewsbury Edition of Samuel Butler's works have just appeared; they are "The Fair Haven" and "Life and Habit" (Cape. 21s. each volume). "The Fair Haven" is one of the most curious books that has ever been written, and in some ways it reveals more nakedly than any of Butler's other works the peculiar way in which his mind operated. It is an attack upon Christianity, and it is designed to show that the evidence for the Resurrection which we find in the New Testament cannot be accepted. The form of the book is elaborately ironical. It is supposed to be written by an imaginary person, the late John Pickard Owen, whose imaginary brother, William Bickersteth Owen, writes a prefatory memoir. The imaginary author is represented as having lost and then recovered his faith in Christianity, and the object of his posthumous book is to put his own experiences at the service of the infidel and the atheist, and so to convert them. His theory is that the kernel of Christianity is to be found in the story of the Resurrection, and that, while much of the New Testament must be rejected as unhistorical, if the central fact of the Resurrection can be established, everything else which really matters will remain. On the surface, the book professes to prove conclusively that Christ died on the cross, was buried, and rose again on the third day.

* * *

Butler's irony consists in making John Pickard Owen unconsciously disprove the very thing which he thinks that he is proving. So far there is nothing extraordinary in the scheme and form of the book; there are many precedents, particularly in English literature, for this kind of irony, which solemnly and elaborately disproves what on the surface you are solemnly and elaborately professing to prove. But the great ironists have never left the reader in any doubt as to what the real meaning is behind the façade of irony. One would have to be a very stupid person to misunderstand Swift when, in "A Modest Proposal to the Publick," he writes:—

"I have been assured by a very knowing *American* of my acquaintance in *London*, that a young, healthy child, well nursed, is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether *stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled*; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a *fricassée*, or a *ragout*. I do therefore humbly offer it to the *publick consideration*, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one fourth part to be males. . . . That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of *quality and fortune* through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump, and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in *winter*."

All Butler's paraphernalia is in this passage of Swift's; the extraordinarily detailed, reasonable, quiet, serious argument which the reader is not intended to "take seriously." The remarkable thing about Butler is that nearly all his readers did take him seriously. The façade of irony is so delicate, the argument is so detailed and intricate, the real meaning below the surface so elusory, that, even though his book appeared in 1873, when the

Resurrection was still a burning question of controversy, very few people saw what was its real meaning. Most reviewers and religious papers accepted Owen as a real person and the book as a defence of Christianity and orthodoxy, and Canon Ainger "sent it to a friend whom he wished to convert." So wide was the misunderstanding that Butler decided to bring out a second edition immediately, under his own name and with a preface in which he made it clear that the book was intended to be ironical.

* * *

I read "The Fair Haven" for the first time over twenty years ago, and I remember being astonished that its real meaning had not been understood. On rereading it more carefully I am inclined to revise that original judgment. Of course, if one reads the book knowing its history, knowing that it is by Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon," it is easy enough to detect the irony, though I believe that a large number of people who profess to understand the book would not be able to state clearly the exact way in which Butler makes Owen's proof of the Resurrection disprove it. But I am convinced that in 1873 it would have been the easiest thing in the world to fail in detecting that the book was ironical. There is nothing obviously ridiculous anywhere in the book. The irony is most marked in the prefatory memoir, in the incident of the lady saying her prayers, and in a sentence such as: "He therefore, to my mother's inexpressible grief, joined the Baptists, and was immersed in a pond near Dorking." The argument of the book and the hinge of irony upon which it turns are so elaborately contrived that, as I have said, very few even of those readers who know that the book is an attack on Christianity could explain exactly how the hinge is supposed to work. If I ever had to set an examination paper in English Literature for advanced students, one of the questions would be: "Summarize as briefly as possible John Pickard Owen's defence of the Resurrection in 'The Fair Haven.'"

* * *

Whether it has to be reckoned as a failure on the part of the satirist and ironist if, for some reason, the vast majority of his readers mistake his meaning and intentions is an interesting question which I cannot now consider. At any rate, in the case of Butler the failure was not due to any bungling or want of skill on his part, but to the very odd, individual conformation of his mind. His squib misfired, not because it was badly made, but because it was made to go on fizzling, fizzling, fizzling ironically, and never to explode. It is not everyone who can appreciate a squib which does not go off, or a rocket which never bursts into coloured stars. But for those who do, for those who can acquire a taste for caviare, or for the products of queer and "cranky" minds, "The Fair Haven" is a fascinating book. None of Butler's other books are more characteristic of his method of approaching and handling a subject or of his curious sense of humour. It has, however, upon me a strange psychological effect which I cannot explain, but which, to a much less degree, some of his other books also have: I enjoy reading it immensely; the elaborate argument and irony give me great intellectual pleasure; I am never at all bored by it; and yet from time to time I put the book down and say to myself: "Really, it is almost inconceivable that any human being ever had the patience to write this book."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE ART OF OLD PERU.

The Art of Old Peru. Under the Editorship of WALTER LEHMANN, assisted by HEINRICH DOERING. (Benn. £5 5s.)

WHETHER there exists such a thing as an archæology of Peru appears to be an open question. But if there does, Dr. Lehmann knows it; and no one in England, unless it be Mr. Joyce of the British Museum, is in a position to criticize, much less to contradict, him. The elaborate chart of Peruvian Chronology, Styles, and Dynasties, facing page 40, with its Primitive, Protogonol, Fundamental, Archaic, Classic, Epigonol, Renaissance, and Colonial periods, with their sub-divisions [e.g., III. *Fundamental*: A1 mature naturalistic = physiogeneous (free, restrained), B1 Plectogeneous-geometric (restrained, free)] may be taken to prove that there is, I suppose. Only, unluckily for me, I am quite unable to relate the works of art reproduced in the second part of the volume with these tables and charts in the first.

But, however it may be with Peruvian archæology, there can no longer be any doubt about Peruvian art. The magnificent—I am using the smallest word I can—the magnificent and copious reproductions in this splendid book prove beyond question that “Peruvian” is one of the great “Arts” of the world, comparable with, if inferior to, Chinese or Persian or Egyptian or European. And I predict that anyone—unless he happen already to possess a profound knowledge of ancient South America—who has the sense to buy or borrow this monumental work, will realize with amazement that a whole new continent has been thrown open to æsthetic adventure. Collections of pottery and a few mosaic pieces in various national and provincial collections had already told us something about it; the exhibition of casts of Maya sculpture still open at the British Museum added an important chapter to our knowledge; Dr. Lehmann’s book makes it clear that—leaving for the present the rest of South America to the explorations of archæologists—in Peru alone we shall find a complete art of capital significance.

From this discovery may be drawn one or two conclusions of a general nature. In the first place, it proves, what to be sure was plain enough already, that the most splendid art is quite compatible with the most detestable civilization. The Peruvians seem to have found means of combining the regimentation of the bee-hive with the ferocity of the ant-hill; to which they appear to have added that purposeless cruelty peculiar to the human species. So far as I can make out there is nothing to be said for them except that they had little or no machinery—not even the potter’s wheel. Yet they produced superb art; which only goes to show, what I have never doubted, that artists are freaks, or, at any rate, a race apart, which flourished greatly in the darkest ages and may continue to exist even in the world of Mr. Bertrand Russell’s dreams.

Another fact which emerges from a study of these illustrations is that the art of ancient Peru does nothing to confirm the Pacific hypothesis—the hypothesis that a Chinese influence worked across that ocean into South America. Assuredly here are things (e.g., Plates 23 and 40) which recall vividly the finest art of Tang potters, 54 (left) and 59 recall late and early Ming, while the heads on Plate 16 and the bowl on 101 take us back, if you will, to Shang and Chou; but then there are as good grounds for swearing that those lovely hands (Plate 66) came from Chartres. Some of the textiles (e.g., 112) you might mistake at first sight for Byzantine sixth century; Plate 119 has the air of Coptic work; Plate 114 finest Sassanian; Plate 122 European seventeenth century; while with 126 (top piece) we are coming perilously near modern Arts and Crafts. If the head on Plate 44 is almost in the monumental style of early French Gothic, the little pot at the top of 25 would have been very much at home in an eighteenth-century boudoir. Some of the exquisite dishes (e.g., 95, 96, 97) might almost have come from Rhages; and there are things clever and pretty and cheap enough to have been made in Japan. Look at the heads between Plates 73 and 80 and you will find yourself in that familiar, slightly over-noble world of the classical renaissance; turn back to 63 and 64 and you have the obvious effectiveness of late Gothic; neither are we spared the heavy realism of Imperial Rome.

The fact is, as I have said, we are in the presence of a complete art. And once the human mind has got the idea of expressing itself through form, once it has got out of the elementary stage of using form as palæolithic man used and Royal Academicians still use it to convey information, it seems bound to advance and retreat—not along the same roads—but across the same country. It has long been a favourite game with active-minded historians to establish correspondences between periods of European and Oriental art. Not that the sequences are identical; only similar phases seem to crop up and disappear in both. They will now have another pack to play with. For manifestly in ancient Peru the creative mind was up to its accustomed game, going through the familiar contortions and postures, now introverted, now extraverted, now classical, now romantic, now whimsical, now reflective, now violent, now vulgar. Whether from this and more scientific data (e.g., layers of *débris* found one above the other in the sand) it is possible to construct an archæology, I know not. But this I do know, at last: from internal evidence alone it is impossible to construct a sequence of artistic periods. Also, I know that whatever power or influence may be responsible for the succession of artistic periods, it is not identical with that which conditions the development of manners and customs or the sequence of political institutions. It would be no surprise to learn that the primly exquisite *dix-huitième* bowl at the top of Plate 25 was hundreds of years anterior to the violent, boldly decorated head on Plate 38.

One other point to be noted, even in a short review, emerges. Nothing could be more remote from most of us than the thoughts and feelings and way of life of these ancient Peruvians. Most of us have the vaguest notions of what they were like in their daily lives; for my own part I have no idea how they looked even. Yet the plastic idiom of their artists is as comprehensible as that of our contemporaries. Doubtless their works carried a descriptive—a literary, historical, or anecdotic—content which made them as acceptable to the man in the streets of Tiahuanaco as the frescoes of Giotto were to the man in the streets of Padua. Of this we know little or nothing. Yet, as art, these works are as intelligible to us as they were to the people for whom they were made; for the appeal of a work of art goes straight to the æsthetic sensibility and is independent of time and place and a knowledge of history. Is it too much to hope that one result of this splendid publication may be that, here and there, an intelligent historian, catalogueur, or hand-book maker will begin to wonder whether the greater part of that with which he burdens his pages and wearies his readers is not, after all, irrelevant and superfluous?

CLIVE BELL.

“SAKI.”

The Square Egg. By H. H. MUNRO (“Saki”). (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

MISS E. M. MUNRO has collected a miscellaneous assortment of her brother’s articles, sketches, correspondence (private and journalistic), and plays, and published them, together with a biographical memoir, of which the best part is “Saki’s” own entertaining letters, illustrated by his drawings. For the rest, the memoir, slight and fragmentary, gives a characteristic picture of the child, boy, and man, set forth artlessly and with sisterly affection and admiration. There emerges from this memoir and correspondence the high-spirited boy, the young Burma policeman, the witty, bigoted “Morning Post” correspondent and political journalist, the social satirist, the lover of curious animals, domestic and wild, and, at the end, the middle-aged soldier going forth to war as to an agreeable adventure, untroubled by the questionings, problems, and repulsions that beset the majority of the fighting intelligentsia of all ages. As his sister saw him off at Victoria after his last leave, “the last words I called out to him were, ‘Kill a good few for me.’ I believe he did—he was never, though, to have the satisfaction of a bayonet charge, which was his ambition.”

This passage is very interesting and significant, the more so as it is set down in apparent unconsciousness of its implications. The strain of ferocity which it indicates seemed natural enough to the recorder, who appears, indeed, to share it, but it throws an interesting light on “Saki.” It is a strain familiar in his work, which shows a curious blend of urbanity and primitive barbarism. His polished

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social satire, his elegant man-about-townishness, are always liable to break to brutality. He delights in dramatic violence and amuses himself with the comic-ferocious. His militant suffragettes in one of these allegoric sketches (of which several are topical of the just pre-war period) are devoured, to the joy of "Saki" and a Roman Emperor and audience, by wild beasts in an arena; another sketch deals with hell and the agonies of an eminent dramatist in it (though it must, in fairness, be admitted that these agonies are mental, not physical); two others—in the form of short plays—end in sudden and violent deaths.

They make a piquant contrast, this violence and urbanity, and made, no doubt, the same contrast in "Saki's" own character. That attractive personality needs someone more skilful and impartial than a sister to present it adequately. In this volume there is less of it than in any of his other published works. The book consists of the memoir, a witty dialogue sketch called "The Square Egg," in "Saki's" best vein of humour, a less good but still witty imagination of hell, the best of which is in its last two sentences, two topically political allegories, expressing the views of the "Morning Post" correspondent on democracy, suffragettes, and Irish Home Rule, two agreeable notes on birds and cats, one description of an old Russian town, one musing of Clovis, and three plays. Curiously, considering "Saki's" gift for dialogue, the plays are not good. Two are slight and melodramatic; the third, the longest and most ambitious, is a far too long-drawn social comedy, which suffers from a confusion of persons and a plot too thin for the structure of dialogue built upon it. As to the dialogue itself, it is sometimes amusing, more often witty without being funny, often not witty at all, and only too often heavy with those tired and deliberate epigrams that were, one gathers, thought amusing in the latter part of the last century, but which seem now as desolatingly dull as the Elizabethan pun. Such as, for instance, "The soul of widowhood is brevity," and "Ancestors will happen, even in the best-intentioned families"—remarks which provoke not a smile but a yawn.

There is nothing in this volume up to "Saki's" best form, nothing, for instance, to touch the brilliance of "The Unbearable Bassington" or the wit of his best social satires. Like most posthumous collections, it has a little the air of gleanings from the waste-paper basket. But here and there it has flashes of "Saki's" quality.

ROSE MACAULAY.

RECENT FICTION

- Horses and Men.** By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
England, my England. By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)
Defeat. By GEOFFREY MOSS. (Constable. 6s.)
The Groote Park Murder. By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
The Unseemly Adventure. By RALPH STRAUS. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

MR. ANDERSON and Mr. Lawrence have much in common: first, a passionate interest in psychological adventures, especially those in which the Unconscious, or instinct, plays the larger part; second, a strong inclination to minimize the part played by the intellect in man's life—implied by Mr. Anderson in his choice of subjects, usually quite uneducated men or else quasi-educated mystics, and by several comparisons of men with horses to the former's disadvantage; and by Mr. Lawrence in his treatment and brief dismissal of the intellectual life of his characters, as, for instance, in the case of Egbert in the new volume of stories; and third, a tendency to fumbling repetitions which, in the case of Mr. Anderson, muffle some of his themes to the point of suffocation. In "A Chicago Hamlet" the following passage occurs:—

"And there were times, too, when he, as a physical being, seemed to fairly disintegrate before my eyes. His great bulk grew a little loose and flabby, he talked and talked, saying nothing."

This describes with tolerable accuracy what happens in the story quoted from, and several others; they seem to disintegrate before one's eyes. This looseness and flabbiness spoils portions of "The Man who Became a Woman," of which, nevertheless, an impression of strangeness survives

in the mind. The only story which is satisfactory as a complete piece of art, to be grouped in the memory with several from "The Triumph of the Egg," is "I'm a Fool," in which the writer produces the desired effect with perfect mastery and economy of means; and for this story alone "Horses and Men" will be in demand. One reason for the ineffectiveness of some of the others is that they are narrated in the first person, not because—as in the case of "I'm a Fool"—the scheme demands this method, but apparently just because Mr. Anderson has a lazy liking for it; and the comments and asides of the narrator constitute part of the muffling process already referred to. They sometimes, too, give rise to grave doubts about Mr. Anderson's intelligence; when the "I" of "A Chicago Hamlet" says of the hero, Tom: "I seem to be making him out rather a clever fellow," is it intended to throw light on the narrator's deplorable standard of cleverness, which does not remotely concern the story, or can it be that Mr. Anderson himself fears that we shall have mistaken Tom for a clever fellow? Neither solution can be satisfactory.

With Mr. Lawrence, the case is one of genius; here laziness, the accumulation of inexact expressions rather than the discovery of the precise, inevitable words, are the faults of a giant. It is a platitude by now that Mr. Lawrence's philosophy is like a "crate of smashed breakfast eggs"; but he remains, *qua* novelist, a giant; his imagination is of the highest order. He can be, to an appalling degree, merely silly, as when he writes with unction:—

"It ['father complex'] is just a word invented. Here was a man who had kept alive the old red flame of fatherhood . . . a great natural power."

All words are "just words invented"; and the old red flame of fatherhood, like the old red flame of international hatred, is only too easy to keep alive; but in "England, my England," unlike its recent predecessors, the silliness is confined to this one passage, and irritation with it is lost in admiration of the superb description of Egbert's death. Here, and in "The Primrose Path," Mr. Lawrence is at his best. To have read these pages is to have experienced something with an actuality, an intensity, a stimulation of one's faculties which is the appanage of real art. When at his top pitch of creative excitement, and therefore beyond fumbling and philosophizing, Mr. Lawrence is a writer of the first rank.

Mr. Moss's interests, at least as shown in "Defeat," differ from those of the two writers reviewed above; the adventures which he depicts are not mainly those of the mind, they are adventures of circumstance. His scene is the Ruhr; and if these stories are incidentally good propaganda it is because the writer, besides having seen and felt and thought, has a talent for terse, restrained, and vivid narrative, and the imagination to devise situations which embody artistically the horrors of the French Occupation. They cannot be passed over as fiction with a merely temporary purpose, for their themes are age-old, and will very likely last as long as the human race: ordinary, unambitious people in the grip of poverty, misery, insecurity (here the disguises of victorious Enmity); the degradation wrought in the victorious and their hangers-on; the imperishable hope of young love faced with disaster; the courage and self-control of men faced with death. The last and most terrible, though not the best-knit, story is an (apparently) eye-witness account of the butchery by Separatists of a Green policeman at Düsseldorf last autumn, when he had been disarmed by the French; here, and in "Moi, je suis Français" (the most subjective piece in the volume, without which no collection of the short stories of 1924 will be complete), as indeed throughout, there is no preaching, no comment even; the writer's artistic integrity allows him only to relate events and leave them to speak for themselves.

Many people know by now what to expect of Mr. Crofts—solidity, careful documentation, and that scrupulousness in sharing all clues with the reader which is essential to good detective novels. "The Groote Park Murder" is not, either in plot or incidents, nearly so thrilling as "The Cask," but neither is it so dull as "The Pit-Prop Syndicate." An extremely broad hint as to the solution is provided on the paper wrapper. It would be over-exacting to demand style in this class of book, but might we not be spared details every time the detective offers cordial thanks and tactful compliments and timely *pourboires*? Mr. Crofts's murder

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mysteries would then gain in lightness and speed what they lost in length.

"The Unseemly Adventure" appears to have been written with an eye to the films; indeed, Appleby Magnus, and his aliases, would provide a fat part for a film star, and when Mr. Straus ends a section with: "And on Sunday . . ." one can't help seeing it in ornamental letters on a shimmering ground. A great many people will probably be amused by the conversion of Humphrey from his priggishness by means of a caravan tour and a series of farcical incidents. The book does not ask to be taken seriously; but then, neither did "The Wrong Box." Perhaps it is the unrelieved chatty facetiousness of "The Unseemly Adventure," as hinted in the title, which makes it such a labour to read.

E. B. C. JONES.

THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

The Journal of Sir Simonds D'Ewes: FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT TO THE OPENING OF THE TRIAL OF THE EARL OF STRAFFORD. Edited by WALLACE NOTESTEIN, Professor of English History in Cornell University. (Yale University Press; London: Milford. 32s. 6d.)

THE "inestimable diary," as Gardiner calls it, of the learned and loquacious Member for Sudbury has long been known as one of the chief sources of our knowledge of the early years of the Long Parliament, but has hitherto been available only in the original manuscripts in the British Museum. The work of collating, editing, and publishing it has at length been begun by the patient industry of Professor Notestein, backed by the Yale Historical Department, which is fortunate beyond English universities in having the income of a trust fund at its disposal for such purposes. The book takes us down to March, 1641, and the editor calculates that seven more quarto volumes may be needed to complete the work.

The original is in the form partly of a finished narrative, partly of rough notes, partly of interlined corrections and additions. Professor Notestein had no easy task in deciding how to make this jumble readable, and his editorial conscience imposed on him the further task of consulting, besides the Lords' and Commons' Journals and such obvious printed authorities, nine other private journals, of which six have never been published and four never previously used. His book thus gives us not only D'Ewes's own diary, but extracts from the others wherever they add to or differ from D'Ewes, and constitutes, in the editor's words, a "harmony of the Long Parliament."

Professor Notestein has done a great service to students of the seventeenth century by undertaking this colossal labour of love. Those who are not specialists may prefer to sample their D'Ewes at second-hand in Gardiner, but anyone who dips into this authentic narrative, uncharted as it is by headlines and unmodernized in spelling, of months so fateful for England and the world, will find much that is dramatic and not a little that is entertaining.

On page 368 we read what excitement could be caused among Members by the mere sight of their great antagonist: "As wee were in the midst of this dispute Thomas Earle of Strafford Leiftenant of Ireland came in a barge to the Upper Howse from the Tower; and divers ranne to the East window of the Howse who with those that sate by looked out of the saied windows opened them, and others went with some noise and tumult out of the Howse soe as wee were almost whollie interrupted: which made us call the Speaker to the chaire againe and the mace was laied on the table, and the Clarke came againe into his chaire. Then we advized whether those who had run out should bee sent for by the Serjeant, or the Howse called over, to punish such as were absent but then in respect our busines was waigtie and this would aske much time to debate."

On March 13th Sir Simonds writes: "I was awhile at the grand Committee for Religion wheere one Mr. Stone rector of Abchurch Clements in the East London was accused of divers particulars he had preached which were proved. viz. That hee saied the Sunday compared to Christmas day was but as the chaffe compared to the corne: and that God would not heare praiers in private howses,

but was bound to heare praiers in Churches. . . . Betweene six and seven at night I returned againe to the grand committee, and then they were readie for a vote against the said Mr. Benjamin Stone; against whome besides other grosse particulars it had been proved that he had been frequentlie drunke and was a common haunter of stage plaies and had spoaken scandalouslie touching the Parliament. So ther passed three severall votes against him."

D'Ewes's own knowledge of precedents was of great value to the House, but his colleagues were bored by an antiquarianism which dragged in Cambyses and Saporus, and appealed to Gildas Albanus and Gildas Badonicus for light on the diplomacy of the ancient Britons. I will end with the record of one of his triumphs. "Mr. Pymme made a long reporte touching the charge of High Treason brought in against the Archbishop of Canterburie the greatest parte of it was the same contained in the Articles: the substance of the preface or introduction to the same which hee made was a comparing of the saied Archbishop with the Earle of Strafford how they both endeavoured to subvert religion and the fundamentall lawes of the realme. That both were ambitious, proud and insolent; with other matters expressing the hainousness of both ther crimes. Then hee delivered upp the saied Articles written in paper to bee read by the clarke of the Howse. In the title of the saied Articles he was onlie called William Archbishop of Canterburie: soe it was doubted whether his sirname of Laud should not be added to them. I stood upp and shewed that it was verie materiall to add his sirname of Laud into the saied title: for in the impeachment of Thomas Arundel Archbischopp of Canterburie of high Treason a^o 21^o R. 2, his sirname is added upp the Parliament Rolle ther. Soe his sirname of Laud was added to the same title. . . ."

J. R. M. B.

PLAYS.

The Lady of Belmont. By ST. JOHN ERVINE. (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

Kestrel Edge, and Other Plays. By WILFRID GIBSON. (Macmillan. 6s.)

The Fifth of November. By HOWARD PEACEY. (Benn. 3s. 6d. paper; 5s. cloth.)

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE's play is printed in prose, Mr. Gibson's in blank verse, but on many pages the order might be reversed without disturbance to the reader. For instance, Mr. Ervine writes:—

BASSANIO: "The Jew who sought our poor Antonio's flesh
Is here, within this house, Bassanio's guest
Against Bassanio's will. But we've a plan
To drive him hence and entertain us all.
Sit here a while and you will see it.

(Balthasar returns.)

Well, Balthasar, what's Shylock's answer now?"

BALTHASAR: "He's here, my lord," &c.,

and Mr. Gibson:—

JACK: "Jerusalem! I'm dead already, and never knew it. Well, I'd kind of hoped I'd have two legs in heaven, but likely enough the other's not turned up yet; it would have further to travel, for Africa's a deal nearer the other place, and yet it's had well-nigh a three years' start: I trust it's not taken the wrong turn, and already frizzling."

Possibly Mr. Gibson's plays would gain by being written down partially in frank prose. He introduces us to a rude and well-defined company, of horse-copers, tramps, sheep-masters, and harsh, rough-tongued women to match the men: his dramatis personæ are very much his own. The same strong local flavour, which in "Krindlesyke" produced:—

"You're wambling like a wallydraigling waywand,"

is, of course, still present, and continues to surprise us with agreeably unhackneyed epithets:—

"A' gay lone outby God-forsaken neuk,"

but he has not here any one character so impressive as Bell Haggard, nor does his verse rise to the dignity it attained in "Krindlesyke"; he seems to be at his best in his longer pieces. Nevertheless, he has brought up fresh fistfuls out of the rather stale reserves of poetic matter, and that in itself goes far towards the disarming of small criticism.

Mr. Ervine's play is a courtly contrast. From Northumbria we fly to Belmont, where, ten years after the close of

COMPANY MEETING.

UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

The meetings of the Proprietors of the Underground Railways were held at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on February 21st. The Right Hon. Lord Ashfield, P.C., in the Chair.

The Chairman said: My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, —Each of you will have received with the annual accounts and returns a copy of the supplement which we have issued in recent years dealing with the Companies associated together in the Common Fund in order that, from the combined figures there set out, you may have a wider grasp of your affairs than you could possibly obtain from the perusal of the separate reports of the five Companies. I think, therefore, that you will prefer me to-day to construct for you, with the aid of the supplement, a general picture of the present position of London traffic as it concerns you all, instead of proceeding to an examination of the position of each of the several Companies in turn. For I cannot repeat too often that your fortunes are indissolubly linked together in the common fortune, just as surely as your balances of receipts are inevitably payable into the Common Fund.

The gross traffic receipts for 1923 are £158,000 less than those for 1922. It is a small decline of just over 1 per cent. The passengers carried are, however, increased by 173 millions. It is a large advance of almost 15 per cent. It is far more than a normal advance due to growth of population and other regular causes, and indicates a renewed growth of the travel habit which is welcome and encouraging. In fact, it is expected when all the figures are published that the year 1923 will establish a fresh record of 414 journeys per head of the population. This may be compared with the corresponding figure of 305 for 1913, and marks one of the stimulating effects which the war has had upon the national life. The result is especially remarkable when allowance is made for the partial closing for traffic of the City and South London Railway throughout the year.

It will at once occur to you to ask how it is that with such increased volume of travel traffic receipts are reduced. There are several reasons. There would seem to have been a transfer of season ticket-holders to the slightly cheaper workmen's return tickets which are purchased day by day and involve no considerable outlay at one time. The practice casts a curious sidelight upon the present restriction of spending power. There would seem to have been a general shortening of the average length of journey taken, which would suggest that fewer long distance journeys, relative to the total number of journeys, are taken than formerly. This is borne out by the statistics of passengers booking. While there has been an increase in the numbers booked at fares of 2d. and under, there has been a decrease in those booked at fares over 2d., but not over 6d., of 13 per cent., and in those at fares over 6d. of 27 per cent., reflecting once more the present monetary stringency. But the chief cause has been the re-introduction of 1d. fares upon the omnibuses for distances of approximately one mile with consequent adjustments in the fares of higher denominations. This accounts for the really significant increase of 35 per cent. in the traffic at fares of 2d. and under, a traffic which has always formed the bulk of the traffic carried. In consequence the average receipt per passenger has fallen from just under 2½d. to just over 2d., or by 14 per cent. These statistics, together with many others relating to this subject, are engaging the close attention of your officers, as they would seem to point to some needed adjustments in the scheme of fares and rates now in force. Already we have reached the decision that we should not be justified in asking Parliament to continue the extra charging powers conferred on your railways in 1920.

It is unfortunate that the increase in the number of passengers carried is wholly attributable to the omnibuses. Their increase is 193 millions, or 23 per cent., whereas the railways show a decrease of 20 millions or 6 per cent. The City and South London Railway only contributed 11 millions of passengers, as against 25 millions in the previous year, so that the partial closing of this railway accounts for much more than half the loss, but making every allowance for the temporary failure of this link in the underground system, the railways have rather fallen back than advanced. This is the disappointing feature; and for what consolation it may be to you I would point out that it is not a feature confined to your railways. The Metropolitan Railway in 1923 carried almost 3 million passengers less. It also appears on tramways. The three tramway companies with

which your Companies are closely associated show a decrease of 3 millions of passengers, and the London County Council Tramways, so far as I can judge, have carried in 1923 some 7 million fewer passengers than they did in 1922.

Meanwhile I will continue to piece together your affairs. The expenditure in 1923 was round about £10,000,000, which was only less by £21,000 than that of 1922. With one exception there has been no marked change in the level of prices during the year, whether for labour or for materials. Coal has increased in price by 3 per cent. Wages, both on railways and on omnibuses, are lower by about 3 per cent. The exception is motor spirit which continued to fall in price throughout the year and showed on the average a drop of 28 per cent. As you may know, since the opening of this year the price has gone up again.

This summary treatment of expenditure, however, disguises the true facts of the situation, for expenditure on the railways shows a decrease of £206,000 or 7 per cent., while expenditure on the omnibuses shows an increase of £185,000 or 2 per cent. To account for this you must turn to the measure of the work accomplished. Upon the railways 57 millions of car miles were run or 1 million less than in the preceding year, which is more than accounted for by the partial closing of the City and South London Railway. In fact, services were improved during the year to maintain the attractiveness of the railways against omnibus competition without, unfortunately, any return in improved traffics. The average cost per car mile was fortunately less than in the preceding year by about 5 per cent., so that the cost of the additional miles run was more than met by economies. Upon the omnibuses 119 millions of car miles were run, or 24 millions more than in 1922, an increase of 25 per cent. in the service afforded to the public. Here again the cost per car mile was reduced, and this time by 18 per cent., due in large part to the distribution of the fixed expenditure over the greater aggregate service. This augmented service yielded an almost proportionate growth in the number of passengers carried, namely, 23 per cent., so that from a purely omnibus point of view it was justified. From a wider point of view, as I shall endeavour to show you later, no such claim can be made.

The net receipts of your Companies are less by £138,000 than they were a year ago, but this is more than made good by the gain in miscellaneous receipts of £152,000, mainly attributable to interest received from various sources, to profits upon the realization of investments and to advertising, so that the total net income is greater by £15,000.

The total amount of net income is £2,992,000, as against £2,977,000 in 1922. While the amount required for the dividends on the guaranteed and preference stocks is unchanged, the amount required for interest, rentals, and fixed charges is more by £83,000 than in the preceding year. This is due to a variety of items, the principal being the interest on further issues of debenture stocks. The large issues of 4½ per cent. Redeemable Second Debenture Stocks have not yet to be supported out of revenue, only £6,000 of revenue monies being applied to that purpose last year. On this account you will note that we have continued to make the special reserve provision of £82,500 against the time when, before the works are fully remunerative the burden must fall heavily on revenue. We have reduced the amount appropriated to reserve for contingencies and renewals by £75,000, so that as a result the balance in respect of the year's working available for dividends on ordinary stocks and shares is approximately the same as it was a year ago, and stands at £982,000, the difference being a slight increase of £7,000.

We find that as special expenditures outside ordinary maintenance arise we concert a programme to provide for them out of revenue, and earmark special appropriations to meet them. For instance, a quite considerable amount of replacement has been necessary in connection with the rolling stock of the District Railway. This is being spread over a period of five to eight years, beginning with 1922. Last year we appropriated £13,000 towards meeting the cost over and above the amount actually spent in the year. This year we have appropriated £70,000, for the work has become more urgent, and is being hastened to completion at the new Acton Works now in full operation. You will find the figures at Abstract B (1) of the Accounts of that Company. Altogether this year we have appropriated and partly applied £139,000 for purposes of this character. In addition, £10,000 has been set aside to start a fire insurance fund for the railways. It is a new departure, but one which experience on the omnibuses has shown us to be both prudent and remunerative. I should also point out to you that in the case of the Central London Railway, £20,000 has been added to reserve out of that Company's share in the Common Fund. This Railway, next to the City and South London Railway now being reconstructed and re-equipped out of capital, is the oldest tube

(Continued on page 743.)

the "Merchant of Venice," the characters are working out the fulfilment foreshadowed for them by that great comedy. The happy lovers, now husbands and wives, are at sixes and sevens; Antonio has become a bore, for ever harping on the pound of flesh he so nearly lost; Jessica, now the mother of three children, carries on an intrigue with Bassanio; Dr. Bellario, whom we now meet for the first time on the stage instead of "off," arrives to make up his difference with Portia over the trick she played him ten years ago. In the midst of this reunion an old man is found fainting on Portia's doorstep and is carried into the house: it is Shylock, but a Shylock richly dressed, in high favour with the Duke of Venice, a Shylock turned Christian. Here is a situation full of fine possibilities. It would be unfair to Mr. Ervine's play to give away the use he makes of them, and I have no intention of doing so; I should like only to single out the excellent and moving scene between Shylock and Jessica (Act II., p. 43) when the old Jew learns that he has three grandsons, but that not one of them has been called by his name—certainly the scene in the play which most nearly approaches to the Shakespearean tradition. I am greatly intrigued, however, to know why Mr. Ervine should present Antonio as an old man. "And you so near the grave," Portia observes to him; yet Bassanio is called "young gentleman." Is there any evidence that Shakespeare intended so great a discrepancy of years between the two friends?

"The Fifth of November" would make a good acting play of the cloak-and-sword variety. Like most historical plays, it has one outstanding merit and one outstanding fault: the action is swift, full, and exciting (to those who can find excitement in plots unmasked three centuries ago), but the persons involved lack all human significance; they speak the words provided for them, but bear no more relation to life than do the wax figures in a theatrical costumier's window. Is this, as it would seem to be, an inevitable fault of historical novels and historical plays? And is it, indeed, true that we are incapable of entering in the imagination into any century more remote than the eighteenth?

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

OIL AND EMPIRE.

The World Struggle for Oil. By P. L'E. DE LA TRAMERYE. Translated from the French by C. LEONARD LEESE. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

M. DE LA TRAMERYE'S book is well known in France, where it has reached its third edition. This English translation is welcome, particularly as it has been brought up to date so as to include the Genoa Conference and subsequent events. It gives in considerable detail a valuable and very interesting account of the growth of the great oil interests in America, Great Britain, Holland, Germany, and France. The influence of oil and the oil trusts upon the policy of the Great Powers is very fully treated.

Where the author confines himself to stating the facts, as for instance with regard to the struggle between the Standard Oil Company and the Royal Dutch-Shell group, his book is of the greatest value, and the facts deserve to be known to, and carefully considered by, all who realize into what dangerous channels a foreign policy, directed by great "economic interests," may guide a country. But this region of "high policy" is one in which it is very easy to lose your way; its paths are dark and complicated, and those who offer to guide our footsteps through it will too often be found trusting to the light of will-o'-the-wisps or to the guttering candles of half-truths and specious clichés. Where M. de la Tramerye offers to draw deductions from his facts, to elaborate a theory of oil politics, and to prophesy about the future of power and politics, he becomes a far less satisfactory guide than where he is content to state facts. He takes a cliché like "Who has oil has Empire," and builds a political nightmare on it. The danger of this kind of writing and thinking lies in the fact that nearly all the statements have a fraction of truth mixed up with a vast amount of nebulous nonsense and fantastic exaggeration. It is true, for instance, in one sense that if one nation had control of the oil supplies of the world, it would be able to establish its empire over the other nations of the world. But the statement is only true if one gives an impossibly extended sense to the word "control." Can it be maintained that,

because Mr. Deterding, a Dutchman, controls the Royal Dutch Company and the Royal Dutch Company has certain economic rights in the oil produced over a very wide area of the earth's surface, the State which we call Holland possesses any concrete power of domination over the other States of the world? M. de la Tramerye and those who share his delusions do not argue in this way about Holland, but in the case of Great Powers they continually make this kind of absurd assumption. "If the United States do not succeed in acquiring new oilfields in the rest of the world," we are told, "the position will soon become so serious that they will only be able to avoid war at the price of economic vassalage." Because the Royal Dutch Company has established an oil depot at either end of the Panama Canal, we are gravely informed that the Canal itself is "seriously menaced" and that the company "dominates American commerce." Such statements are the result of the delusions of muddled thinking; unfortunately, the delusions, if widely held, are of the kind which influence policy and issue in wars.

SOME CURRENT THEOLOGY.

Grey Book Pamphlets, Nos. 10-15. (Milford. 2d. each.)

Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion. By W. R. INGE, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S. (Longmans. 2s. 6d.)

Religion, Philosophy, and History. By the Right Rev. T. B. STRONG, BISHOP OF RIPON. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.)

The Friendship of God. By A. MAUDE ROYDEN. (Putnam. 3s. 6d.)

THE so-called Grey Book is open to less objection than the other proposals for Prayer-Book Revision. This is why it has little chance of acceptance. Neither the High nor the Dull Church party will hear of it; and among the clergy, who have got the bit between their teeth in the matter of Revision—no one else caring about it—the latter, the Dull, is larger than any other. "Dullness is sacred in a sound divine." The Grey Book is the work of a group of Churchmen who have the valuable support of the Bishop of Manchester, and who, though not uninfluenced by the liturgiologists, whose intervention in these questions is invariably mischievous, are anxious to rid the liturgy of magical conceptions, to eliminate from it such survivals of the theology of the past as have become hindrances to the faith of the present, to modernize, to satisfy certain religious needs which did not exist in the sixteenth century, but are generally felt in our own time. There is certainly a case for Revision on these lines; and it is ably stated in these pamphlets. On the other hand, to change the traditional service books of the Church is a step which requires strong reasons. Such reasons existed at the time of the Reformation. But, except for those who, like the Rev. W. L. Knox, have the candour to admit that, for them, Revision is a measure of Catholic propaganda, they do not exist to-day. The proposals now before the National Assembly have no public opinion behind them; 90 per cent. of the English people, we have been told, would rather have no revision at all. They are "an effort, some would say a counsel of despair," says the Bishop of Norwich, "to keep the clergy within the limits of the Church of England." This is their condemnation. There is no desire to drive clergymen outside those limits. But to pay them spiritual blackmail, at the expense of the community, to keep them from secession, is another matter. "The sacred chickens will not eat," it was reported to the Dictator. "Then let them drink," was the answer; and they were drowned.

Dean Inge is seen at his best when he is not engaged in controversy. Here he dissipates himself; he was meant for better things. The exceptionally beautiful picture of child life with which this little book ends, and the scholarly elegiac couplets with which it opens, touch the highest level. *Ex ore infantium.* The Bishop of London, who contributes an Introduction, tells us with truth that "those who have only read 'Outspoken Essays,' or even the Dean's great work on Plotinus, will have a revelation in this book of *where the author lives.*" Needless to say, it abounds in happy sayings:—

"Boredom is a certain sign that we are allowing our best faculties to rust in idleness."

"The happy people are those who are producing something; the bored people are those who are consuming much and producing nothing."

(Continued from page 741.)

railway in London, and its reserves must be strengthened to meet the cost of replacing its rolling stock in oncoming years. Finally, I should call your attention to the balances were a year ago.

Turning now to the dividends which will be submitted to you for confirmation. The interest and dividends on all prior charge securities will be met in full. With regard to ordinary stocks and shares, the London Electric Railway Company, the City and South London Railway Company, and the Central London Railway Company will be invited to declare dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. as in 1922. The Metropolitan District Railway Company, which paid 3 per cent. in 1922, will be invited to raise this dividend to 3½ per cent. The London General Omnibus Company, Limited, will be asked to pay 9 per cent. free of income tax. This is ½ per cent. more than in 1922. If, however, allowance is made for the payments in respect of income tax, it will be found that the gross amount distributed is almost identical, the variation not being more than £4,000. The increased rate of distribution is consequent upon the decreased rate of income tax payable. When these dividends are paid the average rate of return on the ordinary capital of the Common Fund Companies will be 4.8 per cent., and upon all the capital of whatever class in the Common Fund Companies 4.5 per cent. We are committed to the policy of a reasonable return upon this capital and no more, but we are still seeking that reasonable return.

Last year we spent upon the railways over £2,500,000, and we have already raised further moneys which, under the terms of our guarantee from the Government, we are committed to spend before the close of 1925, amounting to over £8,000,000. At this moment we are affording employment outside the ordinary scope of our business to 20,000 men and women, and our efforts represent, I believe, the most considerable individual contribution to the relief of unemployment. We are adding eleven miles to the Underground system and over 500 cars to the railway rolling stock. The short extension from Golders Green to Hendon was opened on November 19th last. The Camden Town junction railway and the City and South London Railway from Euston to Moorgate will open in April next, the extension to Edgware in the summer, and the rest of the City and South London Railway in the autumn. Next year the Morden and Kennington extensions will be completed, and we shall bring to a conclusion a period of rapid expansion such as London has not experienced for many years. Since 1918 to the close of 1923 the Common Fund Companies have spent out of capital or reserves on additions and improvements sums amounting to £10,250,000. The outstanding commitments for the completion of the present programme further amount to £10,000,000, making a grand total expenditure of over £20,000,000.

The capital of the five Common Fund Companies amounts to £58½ millions, to which must be added £3½ millions for the Lots Road Power House, so that the grand total is almost £62 millions, of which the railways represent by far the larger share, namely, £56½ millions. It is a huge burden which has thus far been carried by private enterprise.

I will now move the Dividend Resolutions one by one and ask the respective Deputy Chairmen of the Companies to second them.

The Chairman: That, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, concludes the business of the Ordinary Meetings. We now resolve ourselves into Special Meetings of the Metropolitan District, London Electric and Central London Railway Companies to consider the Bill we have deposited in Parliament for the present Session, and I presume you are in each case content to take the Notices of Meeting as read. They have been published in the prescribed manner. (Agreed.)

These are special General Meetings of the Metropolitan District, Central London and London Electric Railway Companies called in compliance with the standing orders of Parliament for the purpose of submitting to you for your approval a Bill which has been deposited in Parliament by the Metropolitan District and Central London Railway Companies.

So far as the London Electric Railway Company is concerned, although this Company is not promoting a Bill of its own, powers are contained in this Bill to enable it to enter into agreements with the Southern Railway Company as to the user of the Kensington and Richmond line and therefore the approval of the proprietors of this Company has to be obtained. Similar powers are conferred on the two promoting Companies. Negotiations have already been opened with the Southern Company to allow of much heavier services of trains westward of Hammersmith, and the powers of the Bill, if secured, will allow of the agreed arrangements being confirmed and carried into effect.

The Chairman: If you accept this brief explanation without question I now have to move the resolutions.

The resolutions were put and carried.

COMPANY MEETING.

HOME AND COLONIAL STORES, LIMITED.

The twenty-ninth ordinary general meeting of this Company was held on the 14th inst. in London.

The Chairman (Mr. H. G. Emery) said that he wished to take this opportunity of expressing their regret at the severance of the long and honourable connection which had subsisted between the Company and Sir Charles Philipps, extending over a period of nearly thirty-five years. Dealing with the accounts and the appropriation of profits, the Chairman stated that the total of the reserve funds would now amount to £652,335. Many shareholders would perhaps like to know why, with such a big reserve, they should have started a special reserve for equalising dividends and continue also to increase the carry forward. His answer was that this was the seventh year in succession in which the Company had shown increased profits. With the difficulties with which the Company had now to contend each year they had to realise the possibility of a setback. The conclusion arrived at by the Departmental Committee on the distribution of food was that the difference between producers' and consumers' prices was unjustifiably high. This Company's statistical department was asked to furnish figures relating to its business, and these showed that the net profit per pound for goods sold last year was less than 4d., while the results of the two previous years were as nearly as possible the same as for 1923. A great effort was made in Parliament last year to get the duty on sugar reduced, and, no doubt, this year there would be some reduction. It was now suggested that the duty on tea should be taken off entirely. In the Budget of 1922 the tea duty was reduced by 4d. per pound. Slowly but surely the market prices advanced each week, and within four months from the date of the reduction the public were paying the same price for their tea as they paid before the duty was reduced.

According to the Board of Trade figures, the stock of sugar in the United Kingdom on January 31st last was 184,450 tons, against 284,900 tons at the same date last year. The demand for sugar was such that, notwithstanding that this was a period in which supplies were at their maximum, everything offered was quickly absorbed and prices continued to advance week by week. To reduce duty under these conditions would only mean that the producers, helped by the speculators, would obtain even higher prices, and the consumers' share in any reduction would therefore be a small one. To frustrate this he would suggest to the Chancellor of the Exchequer if he should decide to make some alteration to make the date not earlier than November 1st. His reasons for suggesting this were—firstly, by then this old crop would have ceased to influence the market, and, secondly, the present quotation of the next crop, October-December shipment, was nearly 1d. per pound below to-day's price. By this means six months of the proposed reduction would be saved, and this could be used to give increased relief to the consumer.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS.—Lord Dunsany's *Plays of Gods and Men*, 1st Edit., 1917, 25s.; Lord Dunsany's *A Dreamer's Tales*, 1st Edit., 1910, £2 10s.; Lord Dunsany's *The Sword of Welleran*, 1st Edit., 1908, 30s.; Joly's *Japanese Sword Fittings*, 1912, £3 10s.; Kendrick's *Handwoven Carpets*, 2 vols., £5 5s.; Skeat's *Chaucer*, 7 vols., £4 10s.; Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*, 2 vols., 25s.; Owen Jones's *Grammar of Ornament*, £3 3s.; Galton's *Inquiries into Human Faculty*, 1883, 35s.; Galton's *Hereditary Genius*, 1869, £2 2s.; Kelly's *London Directory*, with Suburbs, 1923, 27s. 6d.; Hobson, Worcester Porcelain, £6 6s.; Sykes's *History of Persia*, 2 vols., 35s.; Golden Asse of Apuleius, illustrated by De Bosschère, numbered copy, 21s.; Anthony Trollope's *Novels*, 10 vols., 1874, £3 10s.; Maupassant's *Works*, 10 vols., £3; Weber's *Tales of the East*, 1812, 3 vols., £3 3s.; Shakespeare folio, rare reprint, 1807, £5 6s.; Stevenson's *Works*, "Vallima edit.", 26 vols., £38; Crockett's *Novels*, mostly 1st edit., 24 vols., £5 5s.; Will Warburton, by Geo. Gissing, 1st edit., 21s., 1905; Harper's *Half Hours with the Highwaymen*, 2 vols., 25s.; *Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette*, vols. 1, 2, 3, 3 vols., £6 6s., 1822-23; Hissey's *Drive Through England*, 1885, £3 3s.; *The Equinox*, 10 vols., £15; Doyle's *The European in India*, coloured plates, 1813, £4 4s.; Galsworthy's *Fraternity*, 1st edit., 1909, 25s.; Thomas Gray's *Poems and Letters*, Chiswick Press, 1863, bound by Riviere, £3 3s.; Pattison's *The Renaissance of Art in France*, 1879, 2 vols., 36s.; King's *Chelsea Porcelain*, Edit. de Luxe, 1922, £6 6s.; Hobson, *Wares of the Ming Dynasty*, Edit. de Luxe, £7 7s.; *Costume of the Netherlands*, 30 coloured plates, 1817, £4 4s.; Swinburne's *Posthumous Poems*, only 300 done, 1917, 30s.; Belloc, *Bayeux Tapestry*, 1st edit., 30s.; Le Plongeon, *Sacred Mysteries Among the Mayas*, 1909, £5 5s.; Eden versus Whistler, *The Baronet and the Butterfly*, 1st edit., £3 3s.; Masfield's *King Cole*, signed copy, £3 10s.; Strang's *Earth Fiend*, signed copy, £6 10s. If you want a book and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. I am the most expert bookfinder extant.—BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright Street, Birmingham.—Books wanted. £2 each offered. Housman, A Shropshire Lad, 1896; Masfield's *Salt Water Ballads*, 1902.

BOOKS on every conceivable subject. On approval. 1,000,000 Vols. (Second-hand and New) in stock. Rare Books, First Editions, Sets of Authors, &c. Catalogues free; mention requirements. Books purchased. — FOYLE'S, 121-125, Charing Cross-road, London, W.C.2.

"The Florentines flattered Savonarola till they found that he meant business; then they burnt him. Organized religion, I fear, is often the executioner in these cases."

The criticism of the official mystical literature of the Roman Catholic Church, that it is "not very edifying," and that its phenomena "are not wholesome," requires qualification. As it stands it is very much too strongly put.

The Bishop of Ripon's Lectures were delivered to a mixed audience at Leeds. The view put forward is that "the element in man's effort to interpret the world which expresses itself later as religion is a primary and necessary element in his reaction to his environment"; in other words, that man is not only a political, but a religious, animal; and that *primus in orbe deos fecit timor* is not an adequate account of its origin. It is an instinct planted in the nature of man.

"It has the same kind of claim to validity that is allowed to those elements which express themselves later as philosophy, art, and ethics. At the earliest stage it would appear that these elements are not distinct, but fused; and they become separated as reflection grows. For various reasons that aspect of the world which we call science and philosophy comes into greater prominence, and endeavours, I think wrongly, to swallow up the others, and to interpret the fundamental ideas of life and ethical action and religion by principles derived from the observation of the physical world." The quarrel was old even in Plato's time. Being at once poet and philosopher, he solved it. But he did it only for poets who were philosophers and for philosophers who were poets. The circle is a small one; outside it, it remains unsolved.

"The Friendship of God" is a book which will confirm the reader's belief in Miss Royden's magnetism as a preacher, and increase his astonishment that the Churches find themselves unable to make use of her exceptional gifts.

A. F.

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

The Training of Teachers in England and Wales. By LANCE G. E. JONES, B.A. (Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.)

MR. JONES's book is called in the sub-title "a critical survey," and this describes it very well. It is almost entirely a book of reference; but occasionally Mr. Jones permits himself to make a suggestion or a criticism, or to arrive at a conclusion. Both parts of the book are excellently done, and though it is hardly to be expected that it should make lively reading, to anyone really interested in the subject it is full of information and stimulus.

Sir Michael Sadler, it seems, has recently been telling us that "the black shadow which hangs over the future of modern education is lest organization should cripple individuality." Read this book and you will hardly think the danger alarming. It appears as if there were hardly any organization in the matter at all, either in the regulation of the supply of teachers, in the selection of young people to train, in the methods of training them when they are selected, or of testing them when they are trained. Though the number of children to be educated each year is very nearly known, the supply of teachers fluctuates madly, so that in some years the supply is much below the demand, while in others the training colleges turn out hundreds of certificated students, trained at the expense of the State, who have no chance of finding a post. In these circumstances you would suppose that at least only the best material is chosen in the first place. What a mistake! The children who at the age of eleven decide to become teachers are sadly often those who cannot win an open scholarship to a secondary school, and can only secure a secondary education at all by giving an undertaking that they will become teachers.

The organization of the actual training is at present chaotic, and an inquiry is being held on the question. One of the difficulties with which the instructors of the young people in training colleges have to struggle is the low standard of knowledge they have reached by the time they begin their training. We have seen a class of fifteen girls quite silent when asked if they knew of anything that happened in the fourteenth century or whether they associated any particular event with the year 1688. It is true the

students sometimes have to wrestle with equal ignorance on the part of the lecturers. "The atmosphere weighs thirty inches," we have heard a geography lecturer in a training college announce; and though perhaps this is an extreme not often reached on what is called the academic side, the attempts of training-college lecturers to help the students in the actual craft of teaching are quite often as ludicrously inept.

At the end of the training course comes the certificate examination. Things are improving, of course—why should we doubt it?—but, say the examiners in 1919-20, "a great and depressing mass of feeble thought and crude expression remains." Great are the marvels of organization; in that same year only 5.9 per cent. of those examined failed to be certified by the Board of Education as fit persons to teach in our elementary schools.

For, of course, all this refers to elementary schools only. It is rather a disadvantage to have been trained to teach if you want to teach in a secondary school. This cut-and-dried organization will indeed cripple all individuality in our schools and be the ruin of our education!

WRITING ABOUT PLACES.

The Riviera of the Corniche Road. By Sir FREDERICK TREVES, Bart. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

The Glamour of Italy (Sensations d'Italie). By PAUL BOURGET. (Elkin Mathews. 10s. 6d.)

Grenoble and Thereabouts. By HENRI FERRAND. (Medici Society. 10s. 6d.)

"THE RIVIERA OF THE CORNICHE ROAD" is just the sort of book lazy people like to take with them to Cannes or Nice. A simple guide-book. Not too much history, we are thankful to say; and the legends are very carefully chosen, and so purged of pedantry that we can imagine Sir Frederick retailing them over his coffee and cognac. "If there be a condition among towns that may be called the siege habit," he begins, and here he looks round a little apologetically to make sure that nobody is going to be bored, "then Nice had acquired it." Thus Sir Frederick leads us gently on to Barbarossa and Catherine Segurane, the washerwoman who played her part in evicting the Turks. "If her capacity for destroying Turks may be measured by the capacity of the modern laundress for destroying linen, she must have been an exceedingly formidable personage." Here Sir Frederick pauses again, and, reassured that everybody is feeling quite at home, concludes his history with an excerpt from Baring-Gould. We can imagine the little chorus when he has come to an end. "How tremendously interesting!" and then in a side whisper, "the King's surgeon, you know." This is the third edition of "The Riviera of the Corniche Road," evidence, if any were wanting, that Sir Frederick acquired the gentle art of being informative without being tedious. Truly a many-sided man! It came as easy to him as shaving off the top of a patient's head. And of how many of the scores of tourists who record their impressions of France, Italy, and Spain every year can this be said? The reader gets tired of the troops of ghosts they evoke whenever they enter a walled mediæval town, phantoms with whose base connivance they spin out their self-imposed entertainment. "It was through this portal that King Honorius III. passed when —," or "In these charmed precincts Queen Anastasia received —." There ought to be a tax on these facile, quasi-literary, pseudo-historical guide-books.

Mr. Elkin Mathews has expiated the sins of many of his profession by reviving Paul Bourget's "Sensations d'Italie," which is probably the most perfect modern example of how the subjective travel-book ought to be written. The translation could not be better, and the appearance of the volume would please even Bourget's æsthetic epicurean eye. Bourget, though he has not the gift of humour, never bores us. When he begins, "The whole history of Frederick III. speaks from that archway," or "It is impossible to cross this corner of Apulia without recalling the historical drama of which it was the scene in the thirteenth century," the bogey of *ennui* does not disturb our peace of mind. Bourget may be self-consciously subtle and complex, and he may read more into landscapes, faces, atmosphere, pictures, tradition, than

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Nature or their creators ever intended, but we feel that what he reads might very well be there, and that there is at least poetic truth in his interpretation, if it is not. Bourget's talent—or genius?—expresses itself more happily in moralizing than in creative work. That is why his "Sensations d'Italie" is likely to survive his fiction. The book was written in 1890, nine years before he declared himself a Catholic. To remember this, when we read it again, adds greatly to its interest. The subconscious record of a psychological phase in the novelist himself is more human and credible than his studied analysis of these processes in the characters in his novels, in "L'Étape," for instance. When Bourget visits the hermitage at Monte Oliveto we feel that the agnostic in him is already apologetic. He was perfectly happy in the library, using for his desk one of the huge tomes over which he had been poring, "The Treatise of Irenæus against the Gnostics." Before the Madonnas and martyrs and heroic knights of the Umbrian artists he found himself under a spell of mysticism, "somewhat sad and restrained, and yet almost sensual." Bourget is still the *dilettante*, but we are conscious of a growing moral revolution. It is very strong at the festival on the Eve of All Saints' Day at Montepulciano, and in the Christian catacombs of Chiusi it moves him to the most spontaneously religious passage in his journal. We know before we part company at Reggio that it would have been torture for a man of Bourget's temperament and traditions, whatever his intellectual foundations, to remain outside the Church.

M. Henri Ferrand's "Grenoble and Thereabouts," the first of a series of Picture Guides that is being issued by the Medici Society, is compiled in a spirit of frank propaganda to tempt tourists to Dauphiné. It is obviously a labour of love, though there is a Comité de Tourisme behind it. There is quite enough temptation in the illustrations, but hardly enough data in the text. It is comforting to find that one or two of one's favourite haunts have been omitted. The book is a luxury—this we have come to expect from the Medici Society; but it is a complement to, rather than a substitute for, the undecorative, systematized guide-book.

EDMUND CANDLER.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Lady Susan and Life. By M. STORM JAMESON. (Chapman & Dodd. 6s.)

"As dear father often said, conventions were invented to make women more desirable, and I really don't know how any of you will get yourselves married. . . . I am sure marriage will hold its own with people of taste. They don't carry such big bouquets now, I know—just a little sprig. Rather austere, I think, but fashions change. I carried a monstrous fine bouquet myself, and I thought, suppose I were to faint, I should be smothered in flowers. So poetic." And so on, for the whole book. Lady Susan, aged fifty, with a miraculous skin, a charm undimmed, and an entire freedom from any type of intellect, holds forth on whatever topic flits through her head. Every now and then it is rather amusing, and every now and then rather tiresome. Anthony Hope and E. F. Benson have had the same idea before; it seemed to suit the nineteen-hundreds better than the nineteen-twenties. However, for what it tries to be the book is well done, and if the reader is happy enough not to want to be taken out of his own thoughts, it should very well suffice for a couple of hours.

A Bird in a Storm. By E. MARIA ALBANESI. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

A PARAGRAPH fronting the title-page of this novel informs the reader that "this is a story of love. . . ." it also concerns Joyce Pleybury—"a very modern product, a girl who has drifted into a bad groove"; the revelation of her character, it seems, "is a very strong indictment of the misuse which many young women of the present day make of their freedom."

We expect, naturally, another of those middle-aged scoldings (they seem to sell so well at present) where the vices and follies of the young are "mercilessly exposed," and the writer and his sympathetic readers get safe fun out of the very instincts they are busy attacking. But there is nothing of that sort here. It is just the little Victorian tale we know so well. The heroine bears up bravely in damning circumstances, apparently bound by loyalty to a vow to

behave like a lunatic, but beloved of every character, high or humble, in the book, with the exception, of course, of the Bad Girl, the poor Bad Girl, who drags her weary, doped, sodden form from bad to worse to final redemption. She is not allowed a single charm, a single happy moment, but we need not be too sympathetic, for she never really was on land or sea.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Contemporary Criticisms of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Edited by J. K. SPITTAL. (Murray. 16s.)

The title of this book is attractive. One opens it with the expectation of finding a skilfully-chosen collection of representative eighteenth-century criticism of Dr. Johnson. But the eager Johnsonian is doomed to disappointment, for the book contains only the articles taken from fifty-two volumes of one periodical—the "Monthly Review." It is true that Johnson commented favourably on the care with which the "Monthly Review" was written; but, even so, we should have liked a little variety. The Monthly Reviewers, moreover, must have been dull dogs. In their first article on the "Life," they devote a large portion of their space to Johnson's fondness for the "old religion"; and of the "Tour to the Hebrides" they wrote:—

"If we began to select false and erroneous maxims, or hasty and bigoted reflections, for animadversion and confutation, we should not know where to make an end."

It is more interesting to note the natural recognition of Johnson's literary pre-eminence:—

"In the walk of biography and criticism Dr. Johnson has long been without a rival";

and of Johnson's analysis of "Paradise Lost":—

"It is executed with all the skill and penetration of Aristotle, and animated and embellished with all the fire of Longinus."

The publisher of Mr. Spittal's collection claims that his book may be regarded as a "Johnsonian find," but it is doubtful whether the Monthly Reviewers have really earned this anonymous, but collective, immortality.

Garden Development. By T. GEOFFREY W. HENSLAW. (Dean. 15s.)

Last year Mr. Henslow, who is Organizing Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Exhibition, Chelsea, wrote a gardening book, "Garden Construction," which had considerable merits. He now gives us a still larger volume with the title "Garden Development," and he promises us a third which is to be called "Garden Improvement." Mr. Henslow has, we think, planned his trilogy badly, for in each volume he covers practically the whole range of gardening from the greenhouse to the kitchen garden and orchard, and consequently in his second volume he seems often to be covering the ground already trodden in his first. The amateur will, however, find an immense amount of useful information embedded in a good deal of "mere writing." Some of the opinions are open to dispute—for instance, that "an apple does best as a standard or bush." Most experienced people would say that the best apples are grown on cordons. The cordon is particularly suitable for small gardens; you can grow a line of cordons down the end of a vegetable plot by the side of a path, taking practically no space, light, and air from your vegetables, and at the same time adding enormously to the beauty and productiveness of your garden. And yet the cordon is hardly ever seen in small gardens in England.

Letters and Journals of Anne Chalmers. Edited by HE DAUGHTER. (Chelsea Publishing Co. 7s. 6d.)

The greater part of this book consists of the journal of a tour through England which Anne Chalmers took with her father, the great Dr. Chalmers, and her mother in the summer of 1830. She was a sprightly girl, and her observations are full of fun. Now she is tickled to death by the conversation of Mr. Bennett, who has circumnavigated the globe and will repeat what the Sandwich Islanders said to him. Next she visits Coleridge and tries, unsuccessfully, to report what he said "about the fugacious nature of consciousness and the extraordinary nature of man." Then she descends into a coal-pit; then she listens to a debate in the House of Commons; and then, quite unexpectedly, Mrs. James gives her Lord Byron's works—all of which events, miraculous to state, take place on a Tuesday! Eventually she married Mr. Hanna. But her freedom of spirit seems to have survived, and the book, for those who like such old wives' tales, is full of amusement.

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